JUNE, 1920. 1/- NET

The BOOKMAN

LIVERPOOL JUNIOR READING ROOM

THOMAS HARDY
Photo by E. O. Hoppé

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XUM

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(American)

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THE BOOKMAN appreciates the privilege of offering to the readers of this magazine an opportunity to become better acquainted with the new currents in American literature. As the only purely critical and literary journal published in the United States, THE BOOKMAN occupies a unique position. To Americans it gives beyond any other magazine in the United States the literary news of England. To Englishmen it offers an informed and interesting survey of the world of books in the United States. Today as never before England and America are alive to a deepening intellectual sympathy and it is fitting that each know the thought of the other as expressed in the best books on both sides of the Atlantic.

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While always maintaining critical standards in its estimates of new books, THE BOOKMAN has no sympathy with dull reviews. Its effort is always to make the criticism as stimulating and enjoyable as possible for its own sake.

In every issue THE BOOKMAN prints a list of the six books most in demand at the public libraries, six for fiction, six for non-fiction: the most reliable and impartial record of its kind.

A most amusing feature is the Complaint Department, where authors, editors and plain folk give vent to their pet aversions.

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In making his selection the editor has practically confined himself to the first two-thirds of the *Mémoires*, that is to say, to the reign of Louis XIV, and he has chosen the passages with a view to illustrating that reign during the period of its declining splendour. The notes are confined to illustrating Saint-Simon from himself, and to supplying such other biographical details as seemed necessary.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE BOOKMAN
250 GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITION.

The increasing cost of book-production is, in these days, raising very serious difficulties for the author as well as for the publisher—especially for the author who is unknown. Articles and letters have recently appeared in the newspapers reiterating that it is becoming almost impossible for the beginner to get any chance at all, for, until the enterprise is less costly and speculative, most publishers prefer to limit their lists to the works of novelists of established reputation, and are unwilling to take the risk of publishing a first novel.

It has always been part of The Bookman's *programme to look out for new talent and encourage young authors of promise and, in the adverse circumstances that face them at present, we have decided to offer*

A Prize of 250 Guineas for the best First Novel.

For the purposes of this Competition a "first" novel is defined as one by a writer who has never before had a work of fiction (other than a volume of short stories) published in book form.

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Latter-day American literature loses its most outstanding figure by the death of William Dean Howells in his eighty-third year. Beginning his career as a printer before he was in his teens, Mr. Howells became successively or simultaneously a journalist, U.S.A. Consul at Venice, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and author of a long list of novels and books of essays and some plays. Perhaps the finest, most delicately artistic of his many novels is "The Undiscovered Country," yet for their quiet charm of narrative and skill in characterisation one would almost rank with this "A Foregone Conclusion," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and possibly "The World of Chance." In one of his occasional poems he named Mark Twain as his master, but he was as far from having Mark Twain's breadth of humour as Mark was from having his grace of style. A realist of the Trollope school, it is no ingenuity of plot but their truthful, intimate interpretation of average American life and character that will give the best of his stories a high and enduring place in the literature of his country.

XUM

The charming drawings of Wessex illustrating our article on Thomas Hardy are by Mr. Leonard Patten, of 38, Hallswelle Road, Golder's Green, N.W.4. Like Mr. Hardy himself, Mr. Patten is a Wessex man and, to say nothing of his work in other directions, has made a number of delicately beautiful sketches of Wessex scenes that are intimately associated with Mr. Hardy and his work. A series of twelve of these have been published by Mr. Patten as post cards at 2d. each; and his painting of Bridport, Dorset (Hardy's "Port Breedy"), reproduced in photogravure and issued at a guinea, has met with high appreciation from the public as well as from the art critics. The post card sketches deserve to be far more widely known; they are, as one critic wrote, "beautiful, intimate, lovable little studies," and one shares his feeling that "a Wessex book illustrated profusely with gems of the same artistic value and human interest would be a sheer delight."

Mr. Augustine Birrell,
whose biography of Frederick Locker-Lampson Messrs. Constable are publishing this month.
From a photograph taken in the garden behind Mr. Birrell's London house.

Miss May Sinclair's new novel, "The Romantic," a study of the effect of war scenes on the neurotic, is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Collins. The Macmillan Company are issuing it in America.

Messrs. Dent have added to their Wayfarer's Library a new edition of Mr. Clement Shorter's "Life of George Borrow," which contains some new letters from Borrow to his wife, that have been found since the first appearance of this book, together with other hitherto unprinted documents.

Mr. Arthur B. Maurice, whose "Paris of the Novelists" (Chapman & Hall) is reviewed in this Number, was formerly editor of the American *Bookman*. He is at present in London, representing the American publishing house of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

At a recent congregation held at the Senate House, Cambridge, with the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. P. Giles, presiding, it was unanimously agreed to confer the title of Orator Emeritus on Sir John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D., on his retirement from the office of Orator of the University after forty-three years of distinguished service, and to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Law Honoris Causa. It was also resolved that the degree of Master of Arts Honoris Causa should be conferred upon Mr. George Sampson for his services to education and particularly to the teaching of English literature. Mr. George Sampson has long been one of THE BOOKMAN'S most valued contributors, and it gives us a special pleasure to be able to congratulate him very warmly on the receipt of an honour he has so well deserved.

Messrs. Hutchinson have in the press "The Judge," a new novel by Miss Rebecca West.

Mr. Frederick Niven sailed last month, by the *Scandinavian* to Montreal, on his way to revisit the scenes of his "The Lady of the Crossing," recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. He is realising the wish expressed in the last pages of that novel, where, speaking of Kootenay, he

wrote: "I would go back to that enchanting land and see the folks again. . . . It will be in the spring, if possible, when in the cleared spaces under the evergreen pines the white foam of fruit breaks on the trees." Mr. Niven is accompanied by his wife, and expects to be away for at least six months. His next novel, which Messrs. Collins will publish in the autumn, is not of Western America but, like his "Ellen Adair" and "Justice of the Peace," a story of Scottish life.

The Rev. G. Vale Owen.

The spirit messages received by the Rev. G. Vale Owen will be published shortly by Mr. Thornton Butterworth in four volumes, under the general title of "The Life Beyond the Veil." Selections from these messages have been appearing serially, but the complete series is now brought together in a connected narrative, with a foreword by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Each volume is complete in itself, and the two first, "The Lowlands of Heaven" and "The Highlands of Heaven," will be published in June and July.

Miss Mary Openshaw (Mrs. E. A. Binstead) whose "Laughter Street, London," has just been published by Messrs. Collins, is journalist as well as novelist. She is keenly interested in the problems of the time, especially in regard to the future of women. As honorary secretary of the Society of Women Journalists, and as one of them herself,

Photo by Russell, London. **"Mary Openshaw"**
(Mrs. Binstead).

Mrs. Binstead has a wide and intimate acquaintance with journalistic life, and uses it to good purpose in "Laughter Street, London," many of the story's scenes being laid in Fleet Street.

The humours of speeding up and increased production problems are characteristically handled in prose and picture by Mr. W. Heath Robinson in "Get On With It," which Messrs. G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch are publishing next week.

Photo by Bertram Park. **Lady Dorothy Mills,**
whose clever novel of the gayer underside of London during the war, "The Laughter of Fools," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

Photo by Dorothy Hickling. **Mrs. Mary Webb.**

"The House in Dormer Forest," a new novel by Mrs. Mary Webb, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson in England, and by the Doran Company in America.

The Rector of Rusper, the Rev. Edward Fitzgerald Synnott, has related his own story in "Five Years' Hell in a Country Parish," which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish this month.

"The Strangeness of Noel Carton," a new novel by William Caine, will be published immediately by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

Mr. Douglas Goldring's "Reputations," a book of outspoken and frequently heterodox criticism of present-day authors, will be published forthwith by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

The Oxford Press has published as pictorial post cards (1s. net the packet) a series of fifteen prints and drawings by William Blake. They are excellently reproduced and include some of his designs for his "Songs of Innocence and Experience," illustrations of Dante and Milton and other characteristic examples of his work.

A new book of verse by Mr. St. John Adcock, "Tod MacMammon Sees His Soul, and Other Satires for the New Democracy," will be published shortly by the Swarthmore Press.

Miss René Juta, whose novel "The Tavern" is reviewed in this Number, is the daughter of Sir Henry Juta, Judge of the Supreme Court of South Africa, and at one time closely associated with Cecil Rhodes.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Miss Annette Bryce-Wilson is one of the very youngest of new authors. She is still only fourteen, and her little book of verse and prose, "A Girl's Garland" (2s. 6d. net; Stanley Paul), comes out under the happiest auspices, with an introduction by Clement Shorter and illustrations by Edwin Morrow.

Subjects as widely different as President Wilson and Lord Northcliffe, Lloyd George and Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and Marshal Foch, Winston Churchill and Sir James Barrie have succumbed to the wiles of Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson, and in "Adventures in Interviewing" (16s. net; John Lane) he has a good deal that is interesting, amusing, revealing to say about them and about a large variety of other British, American and Continental celebrities. A thoroughly entertaining book.

Time cannot wither nor custom stale the wit and wisdom of Mr. Dooley. He was never wittier nor wiser than in his latest, "Mr. Dooley on Making a Will, and Other Necessary Evils" (7s. 6d. net; Heinemann). He is pungently satirical on "Famous Men," on "Heroes and History," on "Going to See the Doctor," "On St. Patrick's Day"; and everywhere, as in his thoughts "On Old

Miss René Juta,

whose novel, "The Tavern" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this Number. From a photograph taken in the garden of Miss Juta's villa at Sicily.

Age" or "On Golf," there is a genial humour and mellow philosophy that are as sound and stimulating as they are quaintly his own.

"Through the Upcast Shaft," by Huw Menai (2s. net; Hodder & Stoughton), is a charming little book of verse by a young Welsh miner. "I claim for him his right," says Mr. Ellis Lloyd in a preface, "to a recognised place among the younger British poets of to-day. . . . The poems as a whole bear the unmistakable stamp of genius."

Now when the world has been shattered into bits and we are faced with the necessity of remoulding it, Mr. William Paine's "A New Aristocracy of Comradeship" (4s. 6d. net; Leonard Parsons) has a special timeliness and significance. The one glorious fact about the war, says Mr. Paine, is that a new aristocracy of comradeship "came suddenly into life in the Army." Men of all grades of society met there on equal terms, and he sees no hope for the future unless we can carry this sane, gracious spirit of comradeship into civilian life and make love of our fellows "the sure foundation of a new system of economics." There is a sympathetic survey of the old ideal of aristocracy, and a carefully thought out exposition of how the new ideal may be attained. Emphatically a book to read.

The anonymous author of "The Taint in Politics" (7s. 6d. net; Grant Richards) has written a very able study of the evolution of parliamentary corruption, and shows that political life nearly everywhere is and always has been more or less tainted. His details of the grossly corrupt state of English politics before the introduction of the great Reform Bill should be considered by those who think that Parliament has degenerated since Labour members were elected into it. Touching lightly on earlier times, the book offers an ample and illuminating chronicle of our political progress from the days of Walpole to our own generation.

"One After Another," by Stacy Aumonier (7s. 6d. net; Hutchinson), is too good a novel to be dismissed in a few lines. It is a brilliantly realistic story of a middle-class London family. The father, a lovable man of a rigidly narrow morality, keeps a public-house, and his son and daughter, naturally touched with snobbery in a world of snobs, suffer under the shame of that association. The daughter develops a genius for music and after a dazzling but brief career lapses from conventional respectability and ends in disaster. The son, more staid and commonplace, turns his hand to divers things and, more by luck than cleverness, becomes not merely a highly respectable but a prosperous citizen, and for a second time marries happily. An essentially modern story, dealing with certain moral problems that are agitating many minds nowadays: an interesting story of very human people, and one that is leavened with a delightful sense of humour.

There are some charming things in Miss Claudine Currey's "Love o' London" (1s. 6d. net; Elkin Mathews)—graceful and fanciful lyrics all of London scenes and sounds, and mainly of that glamorous part of London that lies within the walls of the Temple. The poems have atmosphere and so much of quiet beauty in thought and feeling that one wishes the little book were larger.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS G. V. McFADDEN.

THERE are a few authors who can paraphrase the Cæsarian boast and say, "I came, I was seen, and I conquered"; but the majority have not done things so easily, and Miss McFadden had to tread the way of the majority, even though her first published book, "The Honest Lawyer," was an immediate success. Her difficulty was to get started. Before she went to Mr. John Lane, she offered "The Honest Lawyer" to another publisher who sombrely informed her that no first novel had any chance until the war was over. Before that she had written also "His Grace of Grub Street," and it had been going through divers vicissitudes. The original MS. was lost by a literary agent. She then rewrote the story as a four-act drama, and the manager to whom it was submitted promptly becoming bankrupt, it had to be retrieved, not without delays, from the Official Receiver. Then she rewrote it again, this time again as a novel, and in due course it appeared as her second book.

Miss G. V. McFadden.

"I had a hard fight," she confessed to me, "and many heartbreaking disappointments before I could get a book accepted, and until then nobody raised a finger to help me." It will not surprise any who knew the late Frederic Chapman—Mr. Lane's reader—that Miss McFadden should add that some of the greatest encouragement she ever received came to her from him. In her prentice days, she had not the advantage of knowing literary people; there are no literary traditions in her family, but she says that undoubtedly she owes a great

deal to her father's training of her early instincts. Her life has always moved on very quiet, uneventful lines. She is a native of Southampton, but comes of West Country stock, and has lived for many years at Bournemouth, within easy reach of her favourite county of Dorset—a district to which she was the more irresistibly drawn by her admiration of Mr. Hardy's Wessex novels. She was, she says, almost brought up on these, and though you may think you trace their influence occasionally in her style and in her handling of rustic character, she has not been subdued to his realistic methods and sombre outlook on life, but is an avowed romanticist, and so far her romances are all of the past. Her first two books go back to the eighteenth century, and her third, "The Preventive Man," to the early years of the nineteenth.

"I can scarcely remember a time," Miss McFadden tells me, "when I was not scribbling stories of some sort." And as soon as her taste began to develop it took a strong bias towards the romantic side of fiction—stories of highwaymen and historical adventure attracted her greatly from the first, and when, in very early days, she began to write, it was upon such themes and with such setting as these. Modern life, social problems, commonplace, everyday affairs and psychical manifestations do not appeal to her as subjects for her novels; nor does she take any interest in the neurotic type of fiction that has been enjoying something of a vogue in recent years.

Miss McFadden has the inestimable story-teller's gift of awakening the reader's interest from the outset. In the first chapter of "The Honest Lawyer" you have the young lawyer, Ridley, on the verge of ruin through a bank failure; in the second he receives an anonymous letter of sympathy which makes him an astounding offer of marriage—"seldom, since Adam first wooed Eve, had such a strange love-letter ever been penned." It is from a girl he has never seen, and one who is considerably his social superior. He puts her conduct down to some silly sentimentality, and in his usual downright fashion snubs her from the start. When, in spite of the snub, she keeps her appointment and meets him, he wounds her pride and humiliates her by his scornful rejection of her proposal. She is angry with him and with herself, and retaliates later by doing him an ill turn; thus the antagonism between them intensifies until he learns all the truth that lies behind her amazing letter; then his sympathies are captured, he is moved to pity and admiration of her courage, and devotes himself so unreservedly to championing her cause that he ruins himself in her service. The construction of the book is admirable; there are no premature disclosures, and with one deft revelation after another the reader is surprised into believing in what had at first seemed sheer improbable romance. The whole story grows naturally out of the characters of these two—the straightforward, strong-willed, level-headed young lawyer, and the proud, courageous, almost equally strong-willed Quenride Chideock; they seem so irreconcilably antipathetic but on close acquaintance have so much of finer quality in common that once they arrive at an understanding of each other the rest becomes inevitable.

With "His Grace of Grub Street" we are still in the eighteenth century, but the country town and the Wessex landscapes are exchanged for London and the motley life of its picturesque streets. Certain dwellers in the original Grub Street, men broken in fortune though not always in spirit, are pictured vividly and sympathetically, and one of them, Anthony Thorburn, "hack writer to the booksellers in Fleet Street and Shoe Lane," a brilliant author, a gallant, high-spirited fellow who shares what he has with his brother scribblers and wears poverty like a robe of honour, makes the central figure in a stirring tale of love and intrigue and strange adventure that is no romance of the cut-and-dry sword and cloak variety, but the real thing.

"The Preventive Man" has its scenes on the Wessex coast among farmers and sea-going folk who are largely given to the business of smuggling, and the action of the story revolves round the preventive officer, Clithero, who by a bold expedient contrives to settle down in a suspected household for the double purpose of tracing his brother, who had mysteriously disappeared in that district, and unravelling the secrets of those who are engaged in the running of contraband. The girl, Horatia, belongs to a humbler class and has none of the pride and fascinating independence of Miss McFadden's two other heroines, and the love interest throughout is subordinate to the mystery and peril of the enterprise to which Clithero commits himself. The characters here, as in the other books, are admirably drawn; Miss McFadden's men and women are always intensely human, and the course of the narrative seems to be influenced as much by their natural humanity as by any prearranged scheme.

Miss McFadden knows her period intimately and without elaborate descriptions gets local colour and the atmosphere and the manner and customs of the time into her pages. As a rule she founds her story on some true incident, but complains that her critics do not seem able to differentiate between the fact and the fiction—which is really as it should be, and is a testimony to the strength of imagination with which she makes her fiction seem as real as her facts. She is not a quick worker. Several months go to the making of one of her books, and she does not work for many hours a day. The scheme for "The Honest Lawyer" was germinating in her mind for over a year before the novel was written. Her plan is to take two or three striking ideas and to blend and fit them together, letting the whole lie in her thoughts for the better part of a year before she sits down and begins to write. Thus she has the plan of her story fairly well blocked out before she starts on the actual work.

At present Miss McFadden is engaged on a short novel which will form a sort of companion to her last book. Mr. Lane has three more books of hers in preparation; two of them purely Dorset stories, the issue turning in each case upon a point of law and subject to the exigencies of the times; and the first of these is to be published this autumn.

XUM

THE READER.

THOMAS HARDY.

By Harold Child.

On the 2nd of this month of June Mr. Thomas Hardy will be eighty years old. Nearly half a century has passed since he published, anonymously, his first novel, "Desperate Remedies" (1871) in the good old three-volume days; nearly a quarter of a century since he published his last, "The Well-Beloved" (1897). In that last quarter of a century the storms have died down. We must search old newspapers and reviews for the savage attacks on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and on "Jude the Obscure" which, as he has told us, cured him of his interest in novel writing. As novelist Mr. Hardy now enjoys what might almost be called a posthumous fame. He has left the novels as they stood, not tinkering at them as Meredith tinkered at his—"a middle-aged stranger," in Mr. Max Beerbohm's phrase, altering the original author's work; and he has seen them emerge from the dusty struggle against odds into the serenity of secure acceptance. His best novels are already classics. And day by day he lives to see the growth of what, perhaps, he values yet more than his fame as novelist, and that is his fame as poet. He has told the world that he "had to drop verse for prose," about 1868. When he was "cured of his interest in novel writing," he began to publish his poetry. He has worked at poetry for more than half of his long literary life; and he has lived to see "The Dynasts" established as a masterpiece, his lyric poems making their way steadily into the esteem that is their due. What Goethe used to call "the Demons" have a way of using inimical circumstance to bring out the powers of a great man. If Mr. Hardy had not "had to drop poetry," we might never have had "The Woodlanders," "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "The Return of the Native." If he had not been "cured of his interest in novel writing," we might have lacked "The Dynasts" and the volumes of lyrical poetry. The Demons now and then made things mighty uncomfortable for Mr. Hardy; but they were not concerned with his feelings. Their task was to get the last ounce out of him as novelist and as poet; and who can doubt that they have succeeded?

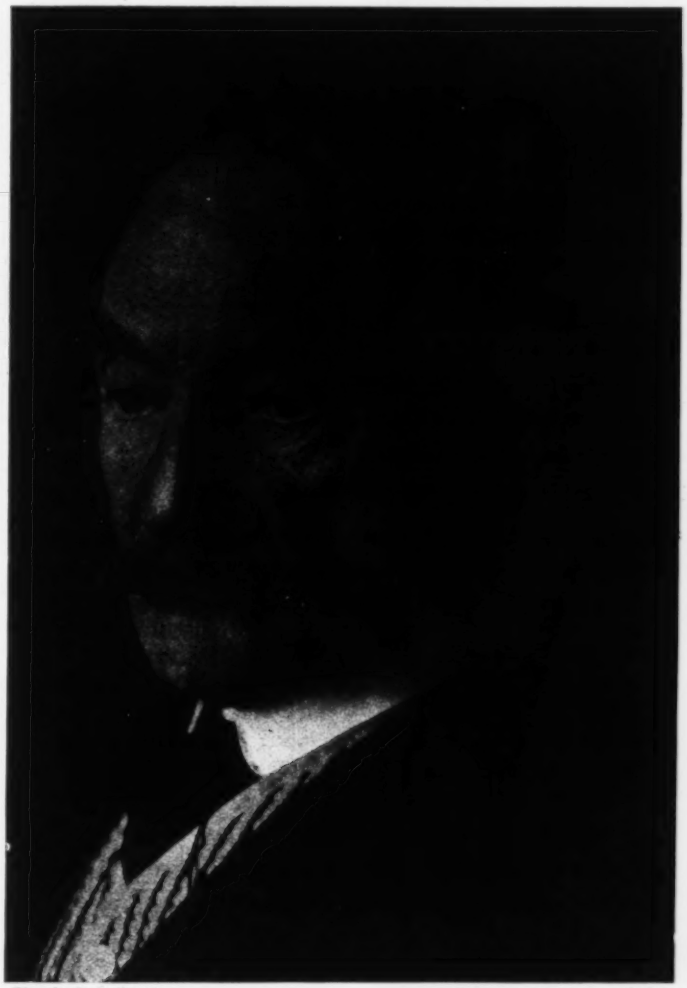

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Thomas Hardy, O.M.**

They seem to have begun preparing for this great literary artist a long time back. On the father's side there was much music, many Hardys with music in their souls, though they gave it forth not on the concert platform but in the home and in those church choirs and orchestras which their descendant has preserved, with reverent humour, in his prose and verse. On the mother's side there was literature. Nowadays we are inclined to think of literature as belonging to towns and lecture-halls and libraries, and to forget that, not only in bookish Scotland, but in rural England as well, there was a good deal of reading done in quiet homes—of that best of English literature, the Bible, and next of whatever else was good. Mr. Hardy's mother's family had been small landowners in Dorset for centuries. They had been implicated in the Monmouth rebellion—their house entered by King James's soldiers after Sedgmoor, the daughters escaping by a back staircase into the orchard, and a relative brought before Judge Jeffreys for being "absent from home att the tyme of the Rebellion." This yeoman stock, with its tradition and its quiet dignity, can be rich in new shoots of power. When we come to that ancestor of Mr. Hardy who founded the *West Briton* newspaper; to his maternal grandmother, with her wide reading in the essayists

and her choice little library; to his mother's sister, who wrote verses all her life and was wonderfully quick at off-hand rhyming; to his mother herself, who, like his father, was great at telling a story and full of family traditions and memories of the Napoleonic wars, we see something of the preparation for his genius.

Having planted him firmly in Dorset the Demons proceeded to uproot him. Suggesting that his proper art was architecture, they put him to study it under John Hicks, an ecclesiastical architect in Dorchester, and then sent him off to London to become Prizeman of the R.S.B.A., and to work at Gothic architecture under Sir Arthur Blomfield. In London, with periods in Paris, he was to spend half his mature life, thereby gaining that knowledge of the world which enabled him to see his Dorset folk in true perspective. In the sixties, the craze for restoring churches was at its height: a craze unwelcome to a mind which always revered, without idealising, the past; and the young student in architecture spent much time making drawings of old ecclesiastical buildings, sitting in churches and churchyards for hours on end alone. Many have noticed how large a part churches and churchyards play in Mr. Hardy's work; many have discerned something "architectural" in the grand and thorough planning of his novels. It may not be fanciful to see in this drawing of old buildings another characteristic of his literature—that exact, acute attention to the fact with which he not only observes birds, trees, Egdon Heath or the winter sky, but follows "the road to a true philosophy of life" by "humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena." Architecture, however, was not all that he studied in those years of preparation. From seventeen to twenty he "read Latin and Greek with a fellow-pupil." How much could that fellow-pupil or a friend, a Fellow of a college at Cambridge, who early recognised the signs of genius, have told us about the strange mind that even then must have been searching out its way? Very little, probably; for they were in contact with a very lonely and a very shy mind, a mind which to the last has cloaked itself in dramatic forms. Over and over again Mr. Hardy has warned his readers that they must not ascribe to him any set of opinions that he may use in a novel, nor even the emotion expressed in this or that lyric poem. What he thinks and feels can only be learned by studying his work as a whole. Yet there are still people who take "Jude the Obscure" to be autobiographical.

The Birthplace of Thomas Hardy,
in the village of Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester.
From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

At the end of those three years of Latin and Greek began that practice of poetry which Mr. Hardy "had to drop" when he was twenty-eight. He was thirty-one when he published his first novel. What turned him to fiction there is nothing to show. Very likely the Demons, with "The Return of the Native" and "Tess" and "Jude" in their eye, told him that there was more money in fiction than in poetry. Mr. Hardy himself has been known to hint at "pot-boiling." Did he catch glimpses, on far uplands of the future, of august but shadowy figures—the great novels that he would one day write; or foresee the new world of thought and feeling which he, the artist, was to create—for other people to philosophise about? The inner development and the visions of any young artist excite an eager curiosity; but in this case, as in many others, we know little of what went on inside. As with most young artists, Mr. Hardy's first interest seems to have lain in technique. In "Desperate Remedies" he was "feeling his way to a method." He has always been feeling his way. He has never dropped into a formula. The method of each novel, the music of every poem, have been to the author an experiment, no matter how complete the critic may discern the mastery of form to be. With the same caution and originality he has felt his way toward that idea or philosophy of life which, not definitely stated in any novel or poem, emerges from the work as a whole. Even the choice of "Wessex" for the setting of his stories was a deliberate artistic experiment. He wanted to give unity of place to his conceptions. That, as one might say, was all *he* knew about it.

The Demons knew a little more. They sent him home to the country that he knew and loved, because there, not in this or that metropolis nor in places where he was a stranger, he could realise most clearly the connection and the contrast between man and nature, between the desires and ambitions of man and the order of the world, which are an essential part of his matter as novelist and poet.

In twenty-six years of novel writing he achieved enough for the fame of one man. But the Demons had not done with him. There was more to be got out of him yet; and therefore they made novel writing bitter in his mouth just when, as we may imagine, he himself felt that, to some extent in "Tess" and still more in "Jude," he had found the right way of saying what his maturity wanted to say. He took up poetry again—if he could be said to take up what, in private, he had never laid down. Two volumes of lyric poems were

published; and then, when the author was sixty-four, the first part of "The Dynasts." How that huge experiment puzzled us all! How difficult we found it (and how sadly most of us failed) to put out of our heads the familiar notions of what a play was and what an epic was! In four years the whole of it was laid before us, and we could see it fairly as a whole and in all its variety. There were moments when the long row of the novels, to say nothing of those strange poems, so unlike any other poet's poems, seemed but a preparation for this great "epic-drama." Mr. Hardy had at last found the method by which he could express in one artistic whole all the component parts of his mind: his clear-sighted reverence for the past; his close knowledge of the Napoleon period; his minute observation of nature; his wide observation of history; his joy in the Biblical talk of rustics; his love of the plain and hearty humours of homely folk, be they kings or dukes or peasants; his sense of the littleness of man and his sense of the greatness of man; his broodings on the governance of the world; his passionate pity for the men and the women who struggle and desire and suffer. All the grandeur of his work and all its exactness of detail may be seen at their best in "The Dynasts." Each scene has its own life, and the whole is masterly moulded into unity. It holds all his sense of tragedy and all his sense of fun. It shows his grim determination not to speak smooth things which he does not believe to be true, and the shrinking sensitiveness which must cry out at others' pain.

The scene of the principal incidents in "The Hand of Ethelberta." From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

"Knollsea" (Swanage).

Doing homage to a great man on his birthday, one is not disposed to criticise his work, nor even to analyse or estimate it. Yet some of the warmest admirers of the new music of his rhythms, the magnificence of his descriptions, the dignity of his composition, this or that element in his prose or poetry, can still maintain that Mr. Hardy is "pessimistic" or even "cruel." It is one thing to accept the views of social law or of life's ordering which emerge from his dramatic presentations; it is another to shut the eyes to a chief quality in the mind that shaped those views. And future, freer times may not improbably come to see in Hardy first of all a great pitifulness. It is significant that he has written and worked on behalf of ill-used humbler fellow-creatures, like song-birds and performing animals, though we must not make too much of that because many a lover of birds and animals has been a sentimentalist, and sentimentalists can be very cruel to human beings. No one has ever accused Mr. Hardy of being a sentimentalist. Yet to read the later novels, and especially the lyric poems, is to know that the mind which created them is a mind extraordinarily sensitive to the beauty that is in human nature and to the pain which each life must suffer in its brief passage across the scene. Mr. Hardy is, perhaps, the most sensitive and the most pitiful of all the great English writers. He softens by showing us the sufferings of our fellow-men; he braces by the courage with which he fronts what, for him, is the truth; he uplifts by revealing the grandeur and the beauty in plain men and women.

From a drawing by Leonard Patten.

"Casterbridge" (Dorchester).

PHILIP MASSINGER.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

ENTHUSIASM, not boisterous or provocative, is, to all but bad-blooded persons, a rather attractive thing, even when they do not quite share it. And it will not attract them less when the object has usually been regarded rather in their fashion than in that of the enthusiasts.

It is certainly the case that Massinger's portion of the very large allowance of praise, and of real partiality, bestowed for the last century and more on "Elizabethan" dramatists, has not been a Benjamin's one. Mr. Swinburne indeed (who was to these dramatists rather what Miss Snevellicci's papa was to the feminine sex, in that he "loved them *all*," except perhaps Shirley) was something of an exception. And Canon Cruickshank (he is canon as well as professor, and it is the prettier title) more than once summons Mr. Swinburne to his aid. Also—in that curious and slightly smile-provoking process of cutting up the plays and re-allotting the pieces, which has had its ups and downs, but is now "booming" again—Massinger has benefited largely. Indeed—if one were minded to preach a sermon of caution against this process—the way in which a single statement, almost unsupported, of Sir Aston Cokayne's has been worked out and upon and over till it has been gravely proposed to reissue "Beaumont and Fletcher" as "Beaumont, Fletcher *and* Massinger" in exactly nine compartments of distribution—might serve as a capital text. Everybody acknowledges the excellence of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" and the hardly inferior quality of "The City Madam" in a kind of comedy which is mainly serious and sometimes almost or quite tragic. Nobody can, without disabling his own taste and judgment, affect to despise such still more serious and sometimes intensely tragic pieces as "The Roman Actor," "The Fatal Dowry," "The Duke of Milan," "The Bondman," "The Picture" and others. "The Virgin Martyr" is one of the *apices* of the whole great range under Shakespeare, for its contrasted heights and depths. But then hardly any two people agree on the question, what part, and how much of the better part of "The Virgin Martyr" actually is Massinger's, and the height of poetry just referred to is exactly what is missing in everything that we really know to be his own. He gives constant opportunity for admiration, but very little for transport. It is admitted, even by those who say most for him, that he is almost the first in the sense of time, if he is also the first in the sense of merit, in definitely "second generation" character—in following and echo and imitation among his kind. One sees in him an undoubtedly competent worker; a man superior in scholarship, manners and breeding to most of his fellows; a stately and harmonious versifier; a master of rhetoric. But one misses in him what poor James Thomson the Second called "The poet's heart—the burning, passionate heart."

Canon Cruickshank does not agree with this view. He has set himself a double task:—to treat Massinger with the attention to detail which modern scholarship requires and to form a just estimate of him as an author. One is at least conciliated by the combination of the two objects, for it is unfortunately certain that not a few of those who would claim to represent modern scholarship in regard to detail, have taken very little trouble about forming, in any literary sense, an estimate of their authors: and one is perhaps afraid that unkind critics of those critics might even add that in some cases they have shown very little ability to do any such thing. As for the "details" there is importance, undeniable in quality if not great in bulk, in the apparently early or contemporary MS. emendations of certain plays found in the quartos given by Mr. J. A. Symonds to Mr. Gosse and examined by Mr. Swinburne. They must of course be registered and considered in any future edition of Massinger. In fact all the appendices, numbering a full score, deserve careful consideration, though both here and in the text Canon Cruickshank makes far too much of R. Boyle (one of the veriest "hariolators" that ever contributed to the Transactions of a Society), though his metrical suggestions in App. VI. suggest that he is not quite a past master in prosody. The proposal to scan

"There's no contending against destiny,"

a fine enough line while untouched, as

"There's no | contend | ing against | ^ destiny"

with a supposed "suppressed syllable" before the last word, is slightly agonising to any ear which has accustomed itself to English rhythm, and feels that that rhythm is not compounded of jolts and hiccups.

But most of the Appendices, and the body of the book, are occupied with much better things, and if we note a few points of disagreement, it is merely to show that a general recommendation of it is not a cloak for omission to read it carefully. One may boggle a little (taking "seem" to mean "seems from literation") at the statement, "It would seem that, like Trafalgar, the defeat of the Armada had no significance for its own generation." Both facts are very disputable: and even were they not so, they would simply prove that at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth Englishmen paid more attention to doing, than to talking about things done. If anybody regrets this the beginning of the eighteenth, not to mention anything more recent, is there for his consolation. The amount of bad poetry called forth by the War of the Spanish Succession, if not unparalleled, is undeniable. There is surely something a little premature in accepting the hariolations above referred to as "the scientific study of English." O Science! what crimes—or at least follies—are committed in thy name! To say that "Charles Lamb and Hazlitt were against Massinger because they disliked his able Tory editor" is rather a confusion. Hazlitt might have done the thing for the reason. But Lamb, though he was angry with Gifford for altering his own article, had few or no political prejudices; and if he had, would never have allowed

* "Philip Massinger." By A. H. Cruickshank, Professor of Greek in the University of Durham. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

them to influence his spontaneous and autocratic literary enthusiasms. Besides, Gifford edited Ford, as well as Massinger, and everybody knows what Lamb thought of Ford. If by a phrase on p. 44, Canon Cruickshank means that he, when he reads Thackeray "*feels like* an awkward menial watching the doings of the titled and great," one would venture to advise him never to read Thackeray. The feeling must be very unpleasant, and the author certainly never meant to produce it. Did Fielding "lose his faith in human nature"? or did he not rather *know* human nature, good and bad? When Sir Leslie Stephen said (he is quoted with approval here) that "*we* only make one quotation" from Scott's novels, the habit of the editorial "we" must have singularly corrupted that generally excellent critic. He should have been content to speak for himself. Others make hundreds. *Do* "critics unanimously assign" the worst parts of "The Virgin Martyr" to Dekker? and *do* "we" feel that Dorothea should have attended to her poor herself? Perhaps the twentieth century does this last: but there have been a good many centuries before the twentieth and, without speaking profanely, there possibly may be some after it; while it has plenty of time, even within its own limits, to outgrow the whimsies of its novitiate.

It should however have been observed that most of the points to which objections have been taken are of the nature of *obiter dicta*: and might be cut out of the book altogether without damaging its general value. That value remains considerable. It undoubtedly was time for Massinger to be taken in hand from some other point of view than that of the mere distributor of things taken from somebody else. And whether one thinks that Canon Cruickshank himself has paid too much attention to these distributors, or not, it cannot be denied that he has made a pretty fight for his man on good æsthetic lines. His admission, "comparatively early," that Massinger is not in the front rank of genius at once separates him from the stark enthusiasts typified by the gentleman who said that Lamartine was a piano; Victor Hugo a great man; but Dupont a poet. The contrast of Fletcher and Massinger at p. 107 is very sound and makes up for any too great acceptance of the Cokayne-Boyle business. And when at the bottom of p. 162 we find him saying, "Let us rather read and enjoy our composite plays without meticulous analysis," one feels inclined to echo the originally awkward, but here most apposite remark of Mr. Benjamin Allen on a famous occasion, "You're very right, Sir! You're a very intelligent man! Bob, this is a very knowing fellow!" taking "Bob" for the general reader and apologising to the Canon-Professor for the familiarity of the phrasing. Incidentally, too, there are remarks of value, such as one on the misfortune, not of course here noticed for the first time, but by no means a critical commonplace, which some words experience, in acquiring familiar and even ridiculous associations which they did not originally possess and which spoil them for poetry in the eyes and ears of later generations.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best suggestion, in not more than two hundred words, for an inexpensive holiday for a poor bookman.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Esther Raworth, of 42, Leadenhall Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, and H. Banks, of 12, Tavistock Street, Leamington Spa, for the following:

THE NIXIE.

'Twas meadow-sweet and meadow-sweet as I went down with lagging feet
In the dewy dimpsy light across the fields of barley;
A yellow moon hung in the sky above the river rippling by
Thro' banks of plumy meadow-sweet down the dale to Darley.

Mr. F. E. Green,
whose new book, "History of the English Agricultural Labourer (1870–1920)," Messrs. P. S. King & Son are publishing.

The river-pool was black and deep, and still as sleep, and calm as sleep,
And silvery-pale beneath the moon stood all the shocks of barley;
And where the willows kissed the stream I saw a nixie's body gleam
As white as milk, as smooth as silk, down the dale to Darley!

She crouched among the water-weeds and played a little pipe of reeds
And shook a little lonely tune across the fields of barley;
Her slanting eyes were green and cold, her tangled locks like saffron-gold
All starred with blue forget-me-nots, down the dale to Darley.

She snared me with her music sweet as I went down with lagging feet
In the dewy dimpsy light across the fields of barley. . . .
By all the pagan gods above! how can I meet my light-o'-love
Who waits for me so patiently down in sleepy Darley?

ESTHER RAWORTH.

AFTERMATH.

There was no darkness till you died, there was no shadow on the ground
Of those dark wings that folded you and hid you from my straining sight.
Nor any silence in the world, nor any lost familiar sound,
Till earth was muted down by Death's dark, cold, irrevocable Night.

To-day, dim argosies of clouds drift to some sunset-laden port,
And little poignant chanties rise from off those dusk-encircled ships.
I wonder if they touch your quay, and bring to you rich cargoes, fraught
With Memories for your loneliness, and tender kisses for your lips.

I wonder if you wake with me, when Dawn's great, crimson wings are spread
Across the Night's grey aftermath, and feel the friendly sun's caress,
And if you reach out lonely hands from that calm foreshore of the dead
And only gather to your heart unutterable emptiness?

H. BANKS.

We also select for printing:

GIPSY LOVE.

Wild roses, blossoming in sunlit hours,
Live on for love of you when sunsets fade;
And one by one steal forth the silent stars
To gaze at you, a laughing gipsy maid. . . .

To you the blackbird sings his joyous psalms,
Naught caring for my sore heart's clamorous pain;
Parched are my lips and empty are my arms—
It is your love, the gift I seek in vain!

I wish that every flower would fade and die,
And the shrill song of birds grow faint and cease,
And all the bright stars fall from the dark sky
Into the brooding ocean's murmurous peace.

Then, with my heart's love shining in my eyes,
To you I would come singing thro' the gloom—
O if you gave me love, drowned stars would rise
From the deep sea, and withered roses bloom!

(Mary C. Mair, "Howecroft," Sandy Lane, Guildford.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), M. E. Morris (Torquay), John Dronsfield (Prestwich), Alice W. Linford (London, N.), G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Drive, N.), Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), Helen Mitcham (Limehouse), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), "Basanos" (Harlesden), Percy Allott (London, W.C.), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), F. Kathleen Fellows (Birmingham), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Ivan Adair (Dublin), S. R. Noyes (Parys, South Africa), George Churchill (Aberlady), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), E. R. Faraday (Orleton), M. B. (Calne), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Faith Hearn (Florence), M. G. Allen (Keighley), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Norman Donnelly (Windermere), Herbert E. Britton (Birmingham), A. Nicholls (Leamington), Aline Blake (Edinburgh), Robert Cogger (Dartford), L. Yarde Bunyard (Allington), Dorothy M. Barter Snow (West Malling), Bhalchandra Narayan Gokhale (Bombay), R. H. Jones (Birmingham), Elsie E. Hollingworth (Rotherham), Victor Allan (Leeds), George Fletcher (Jarrow-on-Tyne), R. Scott Frayne (Altrincham), Florence M. Ward (Birmingham), Minna W. Browning (Cheltenham), Joyce Frideswide Powell (Liverpool), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), D. M. Holt (Southport), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), Olive Robinson (Gainsborough), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), F. M. Billinghurst (London, W.), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), Maurice H. Shearme (Bude), Una Malleson (London, W.), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), E. J. Macdonald (Oxford), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), N. B. (Perth, West Australia), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Margaret McEvoy (Cricklewood).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to E. F. Watling, of University College, Oxford, for the following:

SIDE ISSUES. By JEFFERY E. JEFFERY. (Leonard Parsons.)

"The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!
Have nothing to do with the case."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Mikado.*

We also select for printing:

MISER'S MONEY. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Heinemann.)

"I know a bank."
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer Night's Dream, II.*, 2.

(Margaret Hill, "Charminster," Highfield Lane, Southampton.)

BERNARD TREVES'S BOOTS. By LAURENCE CLARKE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Made a horrible creakin'."
E. LEAR, *Book of Nonsense.*

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

PRISONERS OF THE RED DESERT. By CAPTAIN GWATKIN-WILLIAMS, C.M.G., R.N. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand."
LEWIS CARROLL, *The Walrus and the Carpenter.*

(P. M. Howard, 2, Brunswick Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best anecdote in not more than a hundred words illustrating the intelligence of a dog or cat is awarded to R. E. Bruce, c/o Mrs. Hounsfield, 13, Queensmead Road, Bromley, Kent, for the following:

INTELLIGENCE OF A DOG.

Some years ago I had a Skye terrier, who, owing no doubt to his short legs, hated climbing the steps to the top of a tram. One day, my hands being too full to carry him up, I told him to go home and watched him trotting off in a homeward direction. What was my surprise on coming down the narrow tram stairs half an hour later, to find him emerge from under the seat *inside* the tram, where he had successfully concealed himself from the lynx-eyed conductor. He followed me with a nonchalant air.

These anecdotes are, on the whole, disappointing, and some of the best are disqualified for going far beyond

the specified length. We select for special commendation the twelve by Norman Smith (Pontefract), Mrs. Neville Cubitt (London, W.), G. Gwyn (Bruges), E. M. M. Phillips (Leicester), M. G. Turner (Windsor), H. Dalton Vasey (London, E.), Vivie Chalker (Hurst), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), A. Kotlar (Woolwich), T. W. H. Hunt (Bury St. Edmunds), J. W. Hacon (Victoria Park), R. K. Mundy (Bournemouth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Winifred M. Davies, of 148, King Street, Brynmawr, for the following:

NIGHT AND DAY. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. (Duckworth.)

This is an unusual book, dealing with the inner life and feelings of a group of people rather than with the outside things that happen to them. Unlike most modern novels, it has a heroine who is essentially unemotional: she revolts from the idea of incessant preoccupation with feelings, and works at mathematics as a sort of safety-valve. Yet, far from being dull and unattractive, she has a certain quiet charm which is irresistible. In the end she realises that her true mate is an eager, strong-fibred, thoroughly manly young person, rather than the somewhat eccentric and naïvely egotistical dilettante, her former fiancé.

We also select for printing:

LEGEND. By CLEMENCE DANE. (Heinemann.)

"Dead!" Madala Grey was dead, and the relentless analysis of her mind and soul by a group of literary friends forms the slender substance of "Legend." The author has breathed life into her characters, and during the few hours' conversation they are so vivid and natural that it is as though you, and not Jenny Summer, were listening to them in the foggy lamplight. As they talk they unconsciously reveal the loveliness of Madala Grey, passionate and very human to the man she loved, but to them and to Kent Renan, "a sort of star, a symbol, a legend."

(E. M. Liddell, Shirenewton Hall, Chepstow.)

THE LIGHT HEART. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Light Heart" is another saga retold. The author informs us it is really two stories mingled, a fact we could not have discerned for ourselves, so skilfully is the blending of the tales effected. We have the life of the poet Thormod; his love affairs; his great friendship, and the avenging of that friend's death; the transfer of his allegiance from his dead friend to King Olaf of Norway; and, finally, his own death in battle. The book reminds us of some pencil study by an old master, so lightly and yet in such telling strokes it is sketched.

(Annie P. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Harold Downs (Bath), Gladys M. G. Leigh (Birmingham), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Harold Pridham (Portsmouth), E. C. B. (Dewsbury), H. Bellis (Longridge), Beatrice Mainwaring (Whitmore), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), B. Webb (Birmingham), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), D. Whittingham (Westcliff), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), M. L. Eagles (Leeds), Rev. H. Cotton Smith (Grimsby), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), G. Ralton Barnard (York).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, of Rowlands Castle, Hants.

THE BLIND SIDE OF DICKENS.

By W. KENT.

WALTER BAGEHOT, in his illuminating essay on Milton, divides human character into two great categories, the ascetic and the sensuous. The man of the ascetic type, of which Milton is his great example, is unstirred by the incidents of his time, tends to isolate himself from his fellows, and desires to be alone with the eternal. The principle of the sensuous character, he says, "is its sensibility to outward stimulus; it is . . . open to the influences of whatever it sees or meets with." Bagehot's only pattern of the latter class is David, but he might have found one far more modern. Following the alliterative lead, Dickens might certainly have relieved David's isolation.

In this characteristic of Dickens is the key to an understanding of his love of London. For the great "show" places, to which probably he made intermittent visits, he cared little. St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey do not figure in his books, though there are two oblique and noteworthy allusions to Abbey lore which may be worth mentioning. One of the figures which Little Nell has to show in Jarley's waxworks is a maid of honour of Queen Elizabeth, who died through pricking her finger whilst sewing on a Sunday. There can still be seen in the Abbey the tomb of Lady Elizabeth Russell who at one time (owing to the peculiar attitude of the figure on the monument) was said to have met with her death through taking similar liberties with the fourth commandment. This story was related to Sir Roger De Coverley, and I imagine some verger stamped it on the tablet of Dickens's memory. Again, the Abbey archives, I am told, refer to a mediæval abbot who took a Mr. Winkle to visit Pickwick Manor and gave a Mr. Samuel Weller a licence for a public house at Croydon! This certainly sounds more like knowledge than coincidence! For this flotsam and jetsam of antiquarian explorers Dickens had a keen eye when it floated his way, but his eye for history only corresponds to the eye of the flesh. In "A Tale of Two Cities" none of the great historical figures of the French Revolution are so much as alluded to, and "The Fortunes of Nigel" furnishes a far more vivid picture of London in Stuart times than "Barnaby Rudge" of London in the eighteenth century. The old Houses of Parliament, which figure prominently in the latter book, remained until Dickens was a young man, but he gives us no idea of their structure. London was alive to him when it was born into his experience; of its pre-existence he was oblivious.

Dickens's reference in "Little Dorrit" to Bleeding Heart Yard, which can still be found by those traversing Charles Street, Hatton Garden, provides a happy illustration of his attitude to the past. Of the derivation of the name, he says:

"The more practical of its inmates abided by the tradition of a murder; the gentler and more imaginative inhabitants, including the whole of the tender sex, were loyal to the legend of a young lady of former times closely imprisoned in her chamber by a cruel father for remaining

true to her own true love, and refusing to marry the suitor he chose for her. The legend related how that the young lady used to be seen up at her window behind the bars murmuring a love-lorn song of which the burden was 'Bleeding Heart, Bleeding Heart, bleeding away.' . . . Neither party would listen to the antiquaries who delivered learned lectures in the neighbourhood, showing the bleeding heart to have been the heraldic cognisance of the old family to whom the property had once belonged. And considering that the hour-glass they turned from year to year was filled with the earthiest and coarsest sand, the Bleeding Heart Yarders had reason enough for objecting to be despoiled of the one little grain of poetry that sparkled in it."

Dickens was evidently quite willing to use the antiquarians and historians to point a moral or adorn a tale, but they must be ministers of romance or—the devil take them as, according to the "Ingoldsby Legends," he took Lady Hatton from her residence in the neighbourhood of Bleeding Heart Yard! In the passage I have quoted they fulfil the first function, in several instances the second. Of the latter, Bill Stump's mark (possibly suggested by Jonathan Oldbuck) is one example, and the case of Dennis, the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge," another. It has been discovered in recent years that a hangman of this name was actually condemned to death for complicity in the "No Popery" riots, and one can imagine how, lighting on this in his reading, Dickens quickly seized the fact as possessing great possibilities of a fine situation for his novel. The real Dennis, who was accused of firing a house in Little Turnstile, a narrow alley which still connects Lincoln's Inn Fields with Holborn, pleaded that he had acted under compulsion and was reprieved. However he lost his job, no sinecure in those days, and a few years later a rhymster wrote of him that:

> "He contracts for ropes
> And lives in hopes
> Of being reinstated."

In "Barnaby Rudge" we are not permitted to witness the execution of Dennis, but we are certainly given to understand that it actually took place. In 1769 a Mr. William Sikes was condemned to death for housebreaking and eventually reprieved. There is negative evidence that Dickens did not burrow into antiquities. In referring to that quiet haven of refuge in Westminster known as Smith Square, where Jenny Wren in fiction and W. T. Stead in fact resided, he alludes to the church in the centre as "generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic on its back, with its legs in the air," but says nothing of the tradition, related by almost all topographers, that it was so built because Queen Anne, kicking over her footstool, exclaimed, "Build me a church like that!" It is difficult to believe that Dickens could have turned a blind eye to such a charming myth!

Primarily a humanist, and not an antiquarian, ancient streets and buildings interested him more as the haunts of humanity than as some of the hieroglyphics of history. Moreover, the fascination which the grotesque in human form had for Dickens, had its counterpart in architecture. Thus it came about that while he appears to have been indifferent to the City's venerable piles of Gothic and classical architecture, he was skilful in describing some obscure thoroughfare like Bleeding Heart Yard, or some tottering old house like Mrs. Clennam's, the site of which has never, I believe, been traced. Dickens left London's monuments to others; he made it his business to report upon its alleys, which men more learned in historical lore have overlooked through indifference or disdain, and he did so, in Bagehot's excellent phrase, like a special correspondent for posterity. Through Dickens and through Dickens alone we know of those sordid and derelict districts, where a century ago men struggled to keep their little holding of life, such as Tom All Alone's (the last traces of which were removed for the construction of Kingsway and Aldwych), the purlieus of Clerkenwell, wherein the probable situation of Fagin's den can still be identified, and Jacob's Island. The last place has been somewhat neglected by Dickens topographers. If any reader still shares Sir Peter Laurie's doubts as to its existence he can satisfy himself by taking a tram from London Bridge to Dockhead. The island can still be circumnavigated, only the eye of faith must supply water where pavement now is. Bermondsey Wall, approached from Dockhead by Mill Street, appears to represent its south coast. The careful explorer will find not only "Oliver Twist Court" and Jacob Street, as reminiscent of the novel, but a house which far exceeds its age. It stands at the corner of Bermondsey Wall and George Row, and behind a high wooden fencing which acts as screen against the gaze of all but the ardent seeker, an elaborately carved porch, bearing the date 1700, is concealed. The position of this house favours the view that it was the one in which Sikes took refuge. It has high chimney stacks, around which one can easily imagine him throwing his rope. Indeed, one of the tenants informed me that a nephew of the novelist, Henry Charles Dickens, whom he met in the capacity of revising barrister, had informed him that this was the identical house described in "Oliver Twist."

The London of which Dickens wrote, it should always be observed, was the London of his youth. The impression printed upon his mind in his early years was never effaced. He wrote from memory rather than investigation. Thus we find that although railway trains were introduced to the London public at about the same time as Dickens, only in "Dombey and Son" and "Edwin Drood" do they intrude. "Great Expectations" and "Little Dorrit" bear internal evidence of dates a generation earlier than the year of publication. In the former we read of Pip (like Pepys and countless others) experiencing difficulties in "shooting" old London Bridge; in the latter young John Chivery obligingly assists with his imaginary epitaphs which record his demise in 1827.

So, humanist rather than historian, studying the hives of men rather than the records of history, it is appropriate that the memorials of Dickens should be in the by-ways rather than the highways of London. His grave is in Westminster Abbey, but there is no monument there. St. Paul's Cathedral knows him not. Southwark Cathedral has charming windows dedicated to Bunyan, Johnson and Goldsmith, though none of them was so closely associated with the neighbourhood as Dickens, of whom it has no memorial. But in the detached portion of the graveyard of St. George's Church, known as "Little Dorrit's playground," may

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still be seen, duly inscribed, a wall of the old Marshalsea Prison, and from an adjacent turning (Layton's Buildings) there is visible the turret wherein hung the bell which warned Clennam that he must leave the prison. Not far away can be found Quilp Street and Clenham Street (the latter, alas, misspelt!) and in Lant Street a very respectable looking house is labelled "Mr. Dicken's." The inscription, I fear, is as misplaced as the apostrophe! The house, a large and double-fronted one, was undoubtedly there when, as a boy, Dickens occupied an attic in the street, and probably dates from the eighteenth century when Mrs. Hardcastle, of Goldsmith's comedy, thought that she could not have "a manner" without seeing the Borough and "such places where the nobility chiefly resort," amongst whom was Johnson's friend Thrale, sometimes known as "The Southwark Macaroni." But evidence is against the inscription as indeed its composer was not unwilling to admit when he was good enough to show me the interior of his house. In Parliament Street, however, we have a veracious memorial, generally not looked for and therefore unobserved. Over the Red Lion Public House is a medallion of Dickens to commemorate the fact that in the predecessor of the present building, as a ten-year-old, he asked for a glass of the very best ale, as recorded in "David Copperfield." In Blackfriars Road there is still "a golden dog licking a golden pot" outside the ironmonger's shop which was a landmark for Dickens on his way to and from the blacking factory at Hungerford Stairs. In the gateway of the Prudential Offices in Holborn we find a bust by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald to remind us that in Furnival's Inn, which stood on the site, Dickens wrote "Pickwick Papers," while on Snow Hill there are outside the premises of Messrs. Ormiston & Glass, and within a few yards of the site of the old "Saracen's Head" which Squeers patronised, panels representing scenes from "Nicholas Nickleby."

While there are thus a few memorials for those who are not Dickensians, for the initiated, Dickens, dead just fifty years, speaks everywhere in London streets. To follow his life from its early struggles to the triumph of his later years would require us to traverse every quarter of London. Such a pilgrimage would furnish more knowledge of the haunts of struggling men than materials for national history, and this is precisely what Dickens would have desired.

New Books.

JOHN GALSWORTHY AS PLAYWRIGHT.*

The present volume of Mr. Galsworthy's plays comes with special appropriateness at a time when one of them has scored a popular success. A popular success, as generally understood, that is, a long and lucrative run, has not usually attended his stage works; some of them have been too good, some of them not quite good enough. If we had in London anything resembling the municipal or state theatres of countries where intelligence is not despised as bad form, such plays as "Justice," "Strife" and "The Silver Box" would never be out of the repertory.

* "Plays: Fourth Series." By John Galsworthy. 7s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. John Galsworthy.

None of the three plays in the present volume is equal to any of those just named. One of them, indeed, is radically weak. "A Bit o' Love" might be called a study in cruelty. From the girl in the Confirmation class who thrusts a captured skylark into a cage like a wooden mousetrap, to the drunken yokels who combine to hoot an unhappy curate out of his village because he has forgiven his sinful wife, we get humanity presented in the dreadful and veracious aspect that has made the Dean of St. Paul's (a brave, unflinching critic of life) declare that, if intelligent animals tried to invent a fiend, they would make him in the likeness of man.

All this part of the play is excellently done; but it is no more than incidental detail. For the vital dramatic activity we have to accept two grand passions, the first, that of the curate for his wife, whom we see for a few minutes only, the second, that of the wife for a doctor, whom we do not see at all. Upon these postulated and unevidenced passions the tragedy depends, and fails because it so depends. How can the audience be moved by an emotion that it does not witness? The effect of our unconviction is to make the suffering priest perilously like the soulful curate of sentimental melodrama, and his final departure for nowhere in particular by the light of the moon, determined to go on until he loves everything, a little like pure moonshine.

"The Foundations," called "an extravagant play," is an exploitation of the "class-war" for the purposes of comedy. The seriousness of purpose is of course clearly discernible, and indeed actually served, by legitimate fun. The bomb in the foundations is still a parable, even when the bomb is, metaphorically, exploded. Mr. Galsworthy's determination to keep the sweated old seamstress and her son, the Bolshevik plumber, on the plane of Dickensian humour is a sound impulse of his admirable art. As pathetic, sentimentalised figures they would have been revolting; as figures of unconscious humour they go straight to our hearts. The old lady, in particular, is a darling. To pass from the first play, with its moonlit glamour of scented land and calling birds at Ascension-tide to the second with its London slums and the bright, perky impudence of the little Cockney plumber is to recognise how complete is Mr. Galsworthy's command of his instrument.

"The Skin Game" is a popular play of the moment, and needs no elaborate discussion. Its weak spot is the character of Chloe. No one wants the beastly old profiteer to win his game of destruction; but no one wants him beaten at the cost of an innocent woman's life—innocent, that is, as far as the duel between new men and old acres is concerned. And this weakness is the more weak because the sacrificed Chloe is presented as a repentant Magdalen who has turned from her past and found respectability in the bosom of a profiteer's family. I suggest that these New Magdalens can never be convincing on the stage. A marriage ceremony really doesn't make "an honest woman" of anybody outside a Melville melodrama. Chloe's "past" happened, not because she "took the wrong turning," but because she was that kind of woman; and we find her transformation into the fervently domestic kind incredible. We cannot believe in a miraculous conversion we are merely told about. If we believe in Chloe's sentimental present, we cannot believe in her mercenary past, and if we are convinced by her promiscuous past we cannot believe in her decorous present. The objection is purely artistic; it has nothing to do with morality. Indeed, it would be a nice point to decide which half of Chloe's life was the less "moral" in the deepest sense. The point, for our purpose, is just this, that there are women who are by nature wantons, and women who are by nature wives; and that to tell us one of the first has changed into one of the second is to strain artistic probability. I suggest to Mr. Galsworthy, with all the deference of a sincere admirer, that the weak element in certain of his plays is precisely his tendency to drop, at crucial moments, from the noble and austere heights of true drama to the lower levels of staginess.

In presenting the main struggle of this drama Mr. Galsworthy is scrupulously fair. He makes the profiteer detestable; but he makes the alleged "lady," with her serene belief in the beautiful superiority of her own class-code, strike a blow that is foul to detestation. It happens, by chance, that two plays in this volume exhibit the female tyrant of the country-side, the first the rector's wife, the last the squire's wife. In the larger as in the smaller social animosities *chercher la femme* is usually to find the active principle.

The volume, as we have indicated, has its faltering moments; but it never fails to show Mr. Galsworthy's distinction of style, his sense of character, and his nobility of outlook. There are few writers of to-day more worthy of admiration.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

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* "Sareel." By Edith Dart. 7s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)—"Beauty and Bands." By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

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pure as the actual wind of the moor itself. There is no jarring note in the book, although the two men who are the chief actors in it are not as individual as Sareel herself, nor do they seem to belong so truly to the scene. But no one whose heartstrings were not intertwined with the West Country and its types of girlhood could have written this story, and no one who was not an artist could have painted so simply such a truthful tale. "Sareel" is beautiful in its style, in its English, and above all in its instincts. Anyone who can take pleasure in delicate workmanship and homely, pleasant scenes and atmosphere will enjoy it thoroughly.

By the side of it the novel called "Beauty and Bands" is simply a shock, so pretentious is the style that once gained a reputation for "Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler" (the Hon. Mrs. Felton) as a wit. This ornate English now seems out of date, as in fact does the plot by which a heartless and very dull young woman is turned into a good and even duller wife. Mrs. Felton religiously observes all the conventions: the wandering wife, just when things promised to get more lively, simply has to return to the marriage fold even if trains have to be wrecked and other girls, less important to the story, burnt to a cinder. It is all unreal, although the subsidiary women characters are often quite skilfully hit off. One recognises many of them, especially Mrs. Windybank, who always comforts her friends when in sorrow by the things they like best to eat. The independent spinster, too, would be good fun if her foibles had not been so heavily insisted on. For Mrs. Felton's women, when they are catty, are very, very horrid, and when they are good are beyond all bearing. But the book is sure to be much admired since it does actually reproduce the atmosphere of family life as it appears to many people, namely as a rich blend of conventional piety, verbal brilliance and respectable sentimentality. The whole is built up out of the traditions that have made the English novel in the past.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

CLIVE.*

The author of this important and extremely interesting work is the Curator of the Madras Record Office, and as such has been able to make use of the documents placed under his charge. It is on these that the volume is principally based. In addition he has had access to other papers preserved in the India Office, Admiralty, War Office and elsewhere. His object has been not to write a personal history of the "two great though essentially different men whose names are placed upon the title page," but, as he explains, "rather to sketch the history of the ideas and conditions which under their impulse resulted in the establishment of the English Company as the principal power in India, and to trace out the obligations of the English to the French." "These obligations," he goes on, "have commonly been minimised by the historians of the first, and exaggerated by the historians of the second nation." The work is divided into two parts, named very appropriately "The French Effort" and "The English Achievement," and to effect the latter realisation Clive adopted to some extent the ideas of Dupleix and Bussy where these seemed to be worthy of imitation, improving on them in those directions in which the Frenchmen had seen less clearly. Clive's work was not perfect; very much more required to be done, but he laid the foundations firmly and accomplished so much that needed "neither to be undone nor to be repeated."

Those who take up this book without a previous grounding in Indian history may find here and there some difficulty in following the subject. It is therefore meant more particularly for students and by these it will be heartily welcomed and appreciated, and it is very probable that Mr. Dodwell's views will be accepted by most of them as consonant with the truth. Some of the names of the native princes and others are printed differently from those usually given, but the author's method is in all probability the correct one. We venture to correct two slips. In one of the notes on p. 32 where it is stated, we believe wrongly, that Chanda Sahib was the brother-in-law of Nawab Dhost Ali Khan. He was the brother-in-law of Safdar-Ali-Khan and the son-in-law of Dhost Ali. Again (p. 143), contrary to what is there stated, Mir Kasim was the son-in-law of Mir Jafar. The statements on pp. 195 and 218 confirm this, if confirmation be required.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

* "Dupleix and Clive: The Beginning of Empire." By Henry Dodwell, M.A. (Oxon), F.R.Hist.S. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S "LEDA."

Mr. Aldous Huxley's volume of poems has been awaited with much interest since the publication of "Leda" in the autumn number of *Coterie*. It may be said at once that the pleasurable anticipation is justified, for it is not often that a poet's first book contains matter so memorable and rare. "Leda" is even a more distinguished piece of work than the same writer's "Limbo," recently published, and his true medium seems to be poetry rather than prose. The two books taken together exhibit a notable range of culture and interests. A modern of the latest hour, Mr. Huxley is yet free of the wonder worlds of Greece and of the Renaissance. He is not afraid also to use the word Beauty, and—greatly daring—even to dwell upon that forbidden idea. I trust he may escape stoning at the hands of his youthful contemporaries. Mr. Huxley, however, is understood to prefer stones to roses, and I am encouraged by this Spartan attitude to write frankly, for, while esteeming his poetry very greatly as I do, my admiration is yet a little this side of idolatry.

Mr. Huxley's "Leda" is not a large book, but like all young poets he has included too much. He is an imperfect artist, because he has not learned what to omit. Poets are more frequently damned on their bad verses than beatified by their good. Mr. Huxley has made the mistake of overloading his pages with much that is trivial and even amiably impertinent. His book suffers, in common with many other books by contemporary writers, in being too frequently a record of moods rather than emotions; whilst whole poems are so painfully and self-consciously clever as to bear but the most distant relationship to poetry. There is also another word to be said, and with it I finish the ungracious business of fault finding. Mr. Huxley is a young man, and his verses, excusably enough, are the verses of his years. I would suggest, however, that he shows us a little too much of the human animal in heat; and that even more there is a steady flow of unlovely and displeasing images and phrases, which a fastidious taste must regard without enthusiasm. Poetry we are told should be simple, sensuous and passionate. Sensuous and passionate Mr. Huxley's poetry undoubtedly is, but simplicity is not always so much to his mind or after his heart.

Purged of its less desirable elements, Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Leda" represents a very remarkable achievement. It consists of a sequence of poems in prose; a handful of lyrics; and a long narrative in rhymed couplets—the triumphant "Leda," which furnishes the title of the volume. The prose poems derive from across the Channel, for the form is appreciated more by our French neighbours than by ourselves. Oscar Wilde experimented in the medium with notable results, and there seems no reason why a people so susceptible to rich and imaginative prose as the British should not welcome the method. In any event Mr. Huxley's sequence is very personal to the writer, and very characteristic of his emotion and his thought.

The handful of lyrics included in "Leda" contains something that may be debatable in matter, but little that is negligible in form. A devastating cleverness may interfere with a perfect enjoyment of certain amongst them, but two at least—"The Birth of God" and "A Sunset"—are so beautiful in conception, and so free and untrammelled in movement, as to be worthy of a permanent place in the treasure house of a literature even so rich as our own. It would be a delight to quote from

* "Leda." By Aldous Huxley. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

them, for here is verse original and modern, yet obedient to the laws of its art, and informed with a loveliness which is welcome indeed after so much slipshod writing that masquerades as poetry. Two lyrics, or three, are not many in a volume, but like Mercutio's death wound they are enough, they serve, when so piercing as these.

And yet there remains "Leda"! I have read this narrative once and again, and almost I hesitate to say what I think of its qualities. As a piece of story telling the poem is flawless, and the tale is conducted with a surprising vigour when one considers how enervating is its subject. Technically its verse is of the highest excellence—the breaking of the line, and the use of double or triple rhymes to afford relief and to avoid monotony being worthy of warm commendation. The various and contrasted episodes are a sheer joy—the picture of Leda playing with her maidens; of Jove looking from the casement of Olympus down upon the world; of the impassioned swan shaking out his wing feathers to form a white pavilion about the destined lover, being of an extreme beauty. And what fitting reader can forget the poignant emotion of its highly-wrought close.

A poem such as "Leda" warrants the brightest anticipations of its author's future, provided he does not squander his gift in merely clever exercises in verse.

EUGENE MASON.

BERTA RUCK'S NEW NOVEL.*

It does not follow that the unsuccessful novelist is a finer artist than the successful one. He may sometimes be a finer artist in the handling of words, but that is not the whole of the novelist's business, nor the chief part of it. If he cannot invent a good story and tell it with such cunning that his readers are entertained by it, he may be a very superior writer indeed, but will never be more than a very inferior novelist.

The secret of Berta Ruck's popularity—if there is any secret about it—is that she has that essential gift of the novelist: she can invent a story worth telling, and tell it in such fashion that the world at large finds it worth reading. She does not write of men and women as unemotionally as an entomologist might of his collection of beetles, but with a quick, sympathetic understanding, and often reveals more of human character in a few lines of light description or airy dialogue than the more pretentious can in as many pages of solemn psychological analysis.

"Sweethearts Unmet," her latest book, is a story of to-day and of everyday people. It has sentiment, a shrewd philosophy of life and a spontaneous, glancing humour, but I think its chief charm lies in its vivid human sympathy, especially with the young for whom each morning still opens a new door into romance. I can't give a briefer, better idea of it than you get in this extract from the "author's note" at the end of the first chapter:

> "All over the world there are living to-day girls without sweethearts, young men who do not know the right girl. . . . You who are reading this—don't you see every day some of these solitary girls, these boys with the trench-mud still staining the old Burberry? Don't you notice their wistful faces in the street, the train or bus? Do you wonder what stories are behind them? That is why I am taking this one girl out of the lonely thousands, just one pretty, everyday, 'nice' young girl such as you'd see sitting opposite to you in the tube. Let me tell you of her innocent and secret longing for love. She hardly recognises it as the feeling all girls must have; she asks herself, 'Or am I the only one?' That's why I take this lad, typical of a crowd of the demobilised young fighters that you see about nowadays. This one was born to make that girl happy; her mate. He is equally lonely. . . . This boy will tell you how things happened to him; this girl shall explain what went on in her own life at that moment."

They begin by passing each other every morning on the way to business; she is drawn to him and he to her; but "Fate seemed determined to keep these two apart," and the story, he and she telling successively his and her side of it, is of "how the struggle is waged by modern Love against the force of Convention," with the blind god

* "Sweethearts Unmet." By Berta Ruck. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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F. HEATH.

THE DIALL OF PRINCES.*

Don Antonio of Guevara wrote the "Relox de Principes," otherwise "Libro del Emperado Marco Aurelio," and published it at Valladolid in 1529, a pirated edition having appeared at Seville in 1528, under the title of "Libro Aureo." It was alleged to have been translated from a Greek work found by Guevara at Florence; but as it happened that the illustrious Bishop of Guadix did not know Greek, his invention was taxed further by the assumption of Latin and Castilian translations—presumably also in manuscript. There were of course no such renderings, and there was no such treatise by Marcus Aurelius in Greek or any other language. In an excellent and, indeed, valuable introduction, Mr. Colvile says that no scholar "appears ever to have believed" in the existence of such a work. It would be impossible on the part of scholarship, for it might be difficult to imagine a production more remote from the classical spirit or one that betrays itself more fully on every page. The "Libro Aureo" is described as unfinished by its author, and the second or authentic text is at least arranged differently. In one or other of the versions Mr. Colvile tells us that it was translated into all tongues, even Armenian, and that it was constantly in the printer's hands for a hundred years. The first English translation was that of the "Golden Book," rendered from the French by Lord Berners and published in 1534. The "Relox," or "Diall of Princes"—also from the French—was translated by Thomas North, the first three parts appearing in 1557 and the fourth in 1568. Mr. Colvile says truly that the "Diall" is "unconscionably long": as such it is unlikely to be reprinted, or to find readers if it were. What has been done therefore in the present edition is to select passages representing about a tenth of the whole, the result of which is, however, a substantial volume. It is the first of a new series entitled "The Scholar's Library," which makes here a good beginning as "reprints of the less accessible English classics," and there are tempting announcements as to future issues. North was a great translator: perhaps the chief title of Guevara to our consideration at this day on this side of the world is that he was put into such English in the sixteenth century—the rendering ranking as literature. And yet it would be untrue to say that we suffer Guevara—his reflections, counsels and anecdotes—because of Thomas North. There is something to be said for the Castilian, some curious interest in his matter, something also in the individual manner, which has not evaporated in its transition from Spanish to French and from French to English. Mr. Colvile's edition is a book for the lover of our literature and for a scholar's library.

A. E. WAITE.

* "The Diall of Princes." Edited by K. N. Colvile, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Philip Allan.)

THE ANCIENT ENTRENCHMENTS AND CAMPS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.*

This pictorial record of the ancient earthworks of Gloucestershire is a welcome addition to the scanty literature of the subject. To the best of our knowledge the separate volumes by modern writers relating to it may be numbered on the fingers of one hand—Mr. A. Hadrian Allcroft's monumental work on the "Earthwork of England," Dr. J. P. Williams-Freeman's "Introduction to Field Archæology as Illustrated by Hampshire," which is practically a guide-book to the earthworks of Hampshire, and Mr. Heywood Sumner's two monographs on "The Ancient Earthworks of Cranborne Chase" and "The Ancient Earthworks of the New Forest." Mr. Burrow's book completes the quintet. Each author differs slightly in his aims and methods, Mr. Burrow being specially anxious to attract those who have not hitherto paid any attention to such dull objects as earthworks. To this end, instead of plans of the camps, he gives us a series of drawings, excellent and usually giving a very good idea of the surroundings of the camp, but to the student of the subject not altogether compensating for the absence of plans. The view of Dyrham Camp, for instance, hardly gives an idea of the position of this camp, which deserves much more study in connection with the battle of Deorham in A.D. 577 than it has hitherto had.

We think also that the student would prefer a classification of the camps according to some recognised plan, e.g. the scheme proposed by the Congress of Archæological Societies' Committee on Ancient Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures, with an alphabetical list of the works, to the purely alphabetical arrangement adopted by Mr. Burrow. Mr. Burrow himself suggests in the concluding section of his book (p. 165) a division into classes which to a certain extent corresponds with the Committee's scheme. But it seems a pity to multiply schemes and a decided mistake to suggest, as Mr. Burrow does, a separate class for "Roman Camps," seeing how few camps can definitely be classed as Roman, and how great the tendency in the past has been to dub every earthwork a "Roman camp."

But for the ordinary individual, who at present only regards an earthwork as a sort of show place, if he regards it at all, and for the would-be archæologist to whom Mr. Burrow makes a special appeal, the methods of this book leave little to be desired. A useful introduction gives a brief sketch of the archæology of the subject, and the book winds up with hints on "The Exploration of Camps and Earthworks," which will be helpful to a novice.

In the Introduction and a separate section on "The Malvern Fortresses," the author deals with the camps from a strategical point of view, an aspect usually neglected, and the part they may have played at different periods. Plans of Cirencester and Gloucester, showing the lines of

* "The Ancient Entrenchments and Camps of Gloucestershire." By E. J. Burrow. £1 1s. (Privately printed.)

the Roman walls, and a ground-plan and restoration of the Roman villa at Chedworth are interesting features, and a section on burial mounds gives drawings of long-barrows, etc. The tumulus at Avening, near Stroud, with the "Tingwall, or Tingle Stone," should, from its name, be Norse.

"Knowle" Hill Camp, above Weston-super-Mare (p. 18), is evidently a misprint for Worle Hill, and the River Churn that runs outside the eastern ramparts at Cirencester, figures in the text (p. 58) as "Colne."

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

PARIS IN FICTION.*

Few cities have, I imagine, possessed so great a lure for the novelist, or inspired so many works of fiction as Paris. The number of authors who have placed the scenes of their stories in Paris is legion, and very many of them are mentioned more or less in detail in the pages of Mr. Maurice's entertaining volume. His pages prove that he has been an industrious pilgrim to the literary shrines of Paris past and present, and he is certainly a pleasant guide. There are omissions of course. Indeed, there were bound to be. They are principally those of works of modern and still living writers, and in a few cases one wonders why the name of a writer who has scarcely done more than mention Paris in his novels is referred to, while another writer, who has laid the scenes of several novels in Paris, is overlooked.

On the whole, however, the wonder is that Mr. Maurice, within the compass of a volume of moderate size, has been able to include so many novelists and refer so interestingly to their works.

We are taken into the highways and by-ways of Paris of to-day and yesterday, and whether it is an ancient cul-de-sac beloved by the "Three Musketeers" of Dumas, or the spacious boulevards promenaded by the characters of Alphonse and Leon Daudet, Mr. Maurice has usually something to say about them. He justly places Balzac in the forefront of the novelists who have made Paris their own.

No novelist has loved Paris as did this great French master of the modern novel, and his love for the city of his adoption made of it a living thing beside which the references or scenes of all other writers, indeed, seem comparatively colourless and detached. Mr. Maurice's book is on a grand scale, although of moderate dimensions; and he is therefore compelled to compress Balzac's Paris into less than twenty pages. But inadequate as one feels the space is it is only fair to Mr. Maurice to say that he makes excellent use of it, and whether tracking down the characters of Baron Hulet and Valérie Marneffe of "La Cousine Bette," or the old curiosity shop, in the Rue de Beaune, which figures in "Le Peau de Chagrin," he is equally happy.

Naturally the Latin Quarter, which has enmeshed in its fascinating and romantic purlieus novelists from Murger with his masterpiece, "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," down to Leonard Merrick with his "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," figures largely in this book. And no quarter of Paris has been so well represented in fiction.

The second part of Mr. Maurice's book deals with Rural France, and in it one finds the author on the track of Flaubert, Daudet, Felix, Gras, de Maupassant and other less considerable writers. But here, with the exception of the Tartarin chapter, he is very sketchy, and the effect upon the reader is not at all clear.

There are several errors in the Paris topography, for example the vanished Rue des Cinq Diamants became, we think, the southern portion of the Rue Quincampoix, and not the Rue Aubrey le Boucher as Mr. Maurice seems to believe. It would repay Mr. Maurice to read Mr. Orlo Williams's book, "Vie de Bohème," with a view to the correction of several errors in his remarks upon Henri

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Murger. May we also suggest that to any future edition of Mr. Maurice's book plans of Paris in Balzac's time, and one prior to the "Haussmannising" of the city would lend interest.

There are many literary pilgrims and others who will highly appreciate Mr. Maurice's most interesting and painstaking volume, which fills a distinct gap in the topographical literary history of Paris.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

THE BITE OF BENIN.*

Fearful as the city of Dis in Dante's Inferno was Benin in the African jungle, a commonwealth of "sin-laden citizens." The mosques of Dis were seen glowing red from the valley. The town was defended by deep moats and walls of iron, secret paths led between the tombs, no citizens were visible as the strangers entered, and of both places the words were true :

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Mr. Robert Simpson's romance, by far the most brilliant and original novel of the present publishing season, has its roots in West African history. As that continent emerged from its age-long obscurity, foul and filthy centres were discovered, where native chieftains exercised a monstrous tyranny. Expeditions were necessary to root out the hells of Ashanti, Dahomey and Benin, for these were plague-spots infecting the air for many miles around. Little use has been made by fiction-writers of the African jungle, into whose dark mystery so many lives have been drawn. Mr. Simpson handles his strange material with the sureness of a master.

Towards Benin a little group of British folk are travelling, and one of them is a beautiful young woman. A double problem unfolds itself. Who is Clavering, that lord of the bush on whose head the Niger Company has set a price of five thousand pounds ? Next, what is the purpose of Miss Severoid's journey to Benin ? To rescue Debenham, of course, the rash youth who ventured too far into the dangerous country. May we assume that Debenham is Miss Severoid's lover ? Only at the end of the story are the answers given, and full scope is here for the reader's guessing powers.

A certain suspicion crossed the present writer's mind at the end of the first chapter, and was instantly dismissed as preposterous. Turning back to that chapter when the solution is known, we must admit that the author plays fair, and that he plays cunningly. Watch every word at the climax of the opening scene. Besides Clavering and Miss Severoid, two men exercise a leading influence in the story. One is Daniel McClure, agent of Marsden & Co. at the trading station of Segwanga, the other the powerful chief Cralla, "a magnificently-built, broad-faced Jackrie, whose colour and lips and nose told of an ancient Portuguese strain in his blood." Cralla was a dignified, grey-haired, well-dressed man. "His lips, though puffy, were unusually thin, and his nose had come down to him from a European ancestor." The last circumstance is not uncommon among West African natives. Cralla's parents had, however, spoiled his beauty by marking his face with the family coat-of-arms, "which consisted of queer-looking little putty-like lumps—black, of course—arranged in regular order on his forehead and cheeks." These lumps are produced in youth "by the simple, if painful process of marking out the design with a sharp knife, and doctoring the wounds with a root-juice that caused these painful swellings."

Without the aid of Cralla Miss Severoid could not have reached Benin. McClure constitutes himself her protector when she falls in the power of Clavering. The menace of death hangs over the lovely heroine at every stage of her adventure, but the tension becomes almost intolerable as she reaches the "city of a thousand hells," where Daka, the murderer and torturer, holds despotic sway. McClure enters with her, and beyond that no hint must here be given as to developments in Benin.

This is a book among a thousand, and we can hardly exaggerate in praising it. "The Bite of Benin" places Robert Simpson in the same rank as Doyle and Buchan, our chief living masters of adventurous romance.

JANE T. STODDART.

* "The Bite of Benin : A Romance of the African Jungle." By Robert Simpson. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

DIAGNOSIS.*

The novel is treading to-day a most forlorn and woeful path. It is produced upon paper like Joseph's coat, but costing precious monies—it is reluctant in matter but steadily buoyant in price. It is more and more confined to public favourites with established and impregnable supporters, and the publishers whose favourites have not stood the course murmur together and are sorely vexed. There is so much to be taken into account. How much will the public pay for how little ? How little will the author pocket for how much ? And outside these agitated circles, faced with such crises, the public moves heavily about, eating immensely where there is no food, drinking with contentment where (so one is told) there is no wine, sitting in taxis at 50 per cent.—indifferent, neither actually tragic nor absolutely comic but very certain of one thing—it is not out to be bored, nor depressed, nor instructed. It believes in recreation outside working hours, and it clings to that out-of-date preposterous notion that the object of the novel should be to amuse, to excite, to charm, to beguile in brief, the emotions of ordinary men. And more and more the public is satisfied that novelists and publishers are convinced the novel must not tell a story at all but is really a handbook to the study of mental obsessions, or the agricultural wage, or spiritualism, or divorce, or something else that ought to mean so much more to so many people than it actually does. This attitude is to be regretted of course, but who has not experienced upon occasions symptoms of an alarm and foreboding, so often terribly substantiated, during the first chapter of a story dealing faithfully—too faithfully—with the tragic inconsequence, the utter aimless waste of some introspective and only fairly sane young man or woman ?

Mr. Shaw Desmond's "Passion" is, to quote the publishers, one of these "human documents," a strange, tragic chronicle written with immense gusto and propulsion. "I was," confides the hero pleasantly, "a fierce, green-eyed, angry baby, long and lean and bony, with a passion for biting developing itself in me." The baby develops into a neurotic young man who shoots a fellow schoolboy and departs somewhat hurriedly for London, where he is confronted by the modern World of Big Business. Mr. Desmond is at his best in characterisation. He makes of Mr. Mandrill and Mr. Squid and all the lesser lights of Golgotha House creatures vivid and memorable, not actually believable but near enough. Upon such persons he levels a shaft of mordant humour. But out of Golgotha House Mr. Desmond is at sea. Miss Ella is not without a sense of tears, but Madame Angelica is quite frankly incredible. One refuses to believe in her existence or her house or her carriage or her quite incomprehensible interest in such small beer as Miss Ella.

In "A Woman's Man" there is greater concentration, a note less staccato, a course not so erratic. Miss Patterson is a proved and accomplished writer. But it is all diagnosis unabashed—the intimate revelation of a writer

* "Passion." By Shaw Desmond. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—"A Woman's Man." By Marjorie Patterson. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Salt." By Charles Norris. 9s. (Constable.)

who, and here the publishers hurry to our rescue, " spent the best years of his life philandering and worse, casting away his work and his true love," and so on. Well, that might introduce the tragedy of a genius or the good story with a lesson, but in either case it is the author's responsibility to intrigue the reader. To be quite frank the philanderings of Armand are never more than *piano*. The pulse remains normal, and beneath an absolute indifference regarding the young man's affairs, one is aware of a consuming instinct that it does not much matter whether Armand spoils his poems or not. He, like the sinister and apparently ugly Marie-Thérèse, is a little tedious and third rate. But the book emphatically is not. Miss Patterson can write. Having, under a sense of chivalry, decided to do her best for Armand she has not shirked. But he is not worthy of her. She must, one feels, be relieved to send him back into his natural obscurity.

Something of the same regretful wail might with justice be raised against " Salt "—in itself an ominous enough title. Here again as in " Passion " is the introspective misfit jarred by the sharp edges of this crude and imperfect world, and representing " a type of American youth, which is, I believe, to all unfortunately familiar." The book is a challenge—it is written as a challenge to certain aspects in American schools of education, and here again sincerity is the key-note. Mr. Norris is in deadly earnest. He is out to destroy the evil he has so personally experienced and so deeply deplores. But his narrative is too obviously based on raw facts. They stand up like sky-scrapers. And unhappily, fiction, if it is to prove of real or even passing influence, must colour its analysis with imagination and humour. It is the naked sense of purpose which gives to books like " Passion " and " Salt " their rather disturbing sense of driving motive, like the unseen but clearly audible vibration of a screw.

And if only one could feel that any of these writers ever cracked a simple childish joke . . .

FREDERICK WATSON.

LONDON SCENES.*

The lure of London has attracted many pens since Charles Lamb wrote with such intimate charm about the " sweet security of the streets." There were spacious days when London could be studied leisurely from the proud eminence of an omnibus. We have changed and perhaps improved on the old methods in our bustling Georgian era when London must be viewed less as a jogging panorama than a flashing cinematographic film. Elia and the older chroniclers of town-gossip would gasp and stare like Quintilian if they were set down on the busy pavement in our bustling Babylon companioned by the modern bookman. Other times other pens!

The newer school who set out to paint the grimy metropolis use the most brilliant colours on their palette and make excellent use of " movement " in their literary futurism. Mr. Charles Inge at least has no time to be leisurely. He has so much to say, so many grey corners to paint that the pleasing amble of the essayist becomes in his hands a sort of impressionist jog-trot. He scours every nook and corner of the " Big Grey City " in his quest of impressions and dives deep under the smiling surface of things to bring up the black pearls of truth. The book is an admirable panacea to self-complacent insularity. Mr. Inge has garnered a rich handful of London impressions, grave and gay, and set them down with truth and insight. It is a book of foibles, a gallery of fancies, sympathetically observed. Occasionally we have the solemn rush of the hexameter when he strikes the tragic chord as in the impressive " Sisters of Fear " as realistic almost in its pathos as the " Song of the Shirt," but he blends tragedy with comedy. His satire while

* " Flashes of London." By Charles Inge. 6s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—" London Scenes, 1914–1918." By W. R. Titterton. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

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effective is seldom cruel, though at times his wit is mordant. Mr. Inge has nothing to learn in the art of prosody: his prose almost sings.

In "London Scenes" Mr. W. R. Titterton discards psychology and excels in the panoramic method. He is a most agreeable cicerone to the familiar wonders of the city and like Mr. Inge has the "harvest of a quiet eye" less however for fancies than for facts. We tread the old familiar ground from Victoria Station to the Zoo and back again, all plain sailing or rather plain strolling in holiday mood. Mr. Titterton's pleasant monograph is enhanced by a series of charming etchings by L. Witherow.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

THE FUNCTION OF MINORITIES.*

"Except the blind forces of Nature," says Sir Henry Maine, "nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in origin." Not even the idea of the "Remnant," according to Professor Jones. His examples are chosen from Isaiah to the Quakers, but he starts by noticing Plato's remark that "there is only a very small remnant of those who follow wisdom and who have tasted how sweet and blessed a possession it is." There is a touch of patrician self-satisfaction about an estimate like this, as he admits. But the ideal "remnant," in Christianity, is the small group of those who see beyond the conventional horizon, and yet are modest. Dr. Jones classifies them as more or less radical. Some break off from the organisation, in order to start sects in which the new light can be cherished. Others prefer to work in and for the parent body to which they belong. But, in either case, he holds, "the formation of a 'remnant,' of one or the other of these types, seems to be historically the most approved method of securing an advancement of the truth."

The idea, if defined carefully, is sound and fruitful. What we have in this book is a series of historical illustrations or experiments along the line of minority-activity, which are meant to elucidate the function of such movements.

Dr. Jones naturally safeguards himself against a one-sided position. He recognises the value of institutions, the claim of transmitted and embodied truth, the obligations that make an individual hesitate before breaking with any organisation. But he does not so clearly indicate that a rebellious minority is apt to work for evil, even in its aspiration for good. The setting up of a rival organisation, for example, sharpens the two opposite truths unduly. Each party, the conservative and the liberal, is driven beyond the original limits of its contention, and tempted to make claims which are unwise and illegitimate. Dr. Jones, for example, selects the Donatists as a protest against compromise in the Church. But the unfortunate result of the Donatist controversy was to produce a theory in their opponents which worked out in practice to the detriment of Christianity, and the pugnacious, narrow Donatists perished like a brook in the hot sands, as indeed they deserved to do. Dr. Jones has written a stimulating, popular manual. But his historical illustrations are sometimes more curious than convincing, and the philosophy of the subject needs a larger statement than it receives in these popular pages. The minorities who remain inside the organisation are usually more effective than the separatists. But even they are exposed to party-spirit, Pharisaism, and mental restriction. The cross-bench spirit has its place in religion, but it does not govern; it is serviceable only as there is a larger vision to embrace it. This little book is a plea for minorities in religion. But those who read it with most sympathy will be the first to recall Turgot's protest against any truth, however vital, being turned into the nucleus of a party.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "The Remnant." By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt. 5s. net. (The Swarthmore Press.)

Novel Notes.

THE VANITY GIRL. By Compton Mackenzie. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Once upon a time there lived a young lady, Norah Caffyn, in West Kensington, one of the daughters in a large family, the beauty of the household, and engagingly selfish. It came to pass that, under the glamour of the stage, she entered the great London theatre as a chorus-girl in light comedy. She changed her name to Dorothy Lonsdale. Then—but the tale is old and thin. Why repeat the stock plot of second-rate fiction? Except to observe that she and another actress live (so innocently) in a flat provided by an anonymous gentleman, who turns out, after death, to be a duke. This we admit is novel. Dorothy marries her peer, after some clever angling for him at Oxford, where he is an undergraduate. She shakes off the dust of the stage, turns her little snobbish soul to the task of playing the great lady and, incidentally, of bestowing upon England a child who would embody the genius of aristocratic leadership. "On this small green earth would walk a Viscount Clare that, having taken flesh from a Vanity Girl, should be the saviour of his country." Unluckily the child dies at birth, the husband takes to gambling and horse-racing, and her ladyship drifts into bad company. By this time the story is becoming dull. But the author bethinks him of that recent godsend for perplexed story-tellers, the war. So the Earl is sent off to die at the front, which is the first and last good action in his recorded existence. Then a few pages for Dorothy's final wriggling in the mud, and the novel is done. There is a young lady called Sylvia Scarlett in the story, and from that, as well as from the author's name, we infer that it is written by the author of "The Passionate Elopement" and "Carnival." Now and then we come upon an attempt at fine writing, as in the description of the Cherwell, "on the dimples and eddies of which the overhanging trees cast a patina as upon the muscles of an ancient bronze." The character-sketching is just as successful. Theatrical novels are generally as dull as political novels, and this is no exception. There is not a decent, vital person in the story, except the Earl's mother and her two daughters, at whom the author carefully sneers. It is the kind of novel that a man of Mr. Mackenzie's ability is too good to write; he is not "good at these kickchawses."

CLIPPER FOLK. By Oswald Wildridge. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

In these days of specialists and experts one thinks of Africa in terms of Sir Rider Haggard, the Pacific according to Mr. Stacpoole, Dartmoor as Mr. Phillpotts finds it. These gentlemen have saved us the expense of setting out on expensive tours of knowledge and discovery, and we need no longer cross the ocean. And when it comes to the sea do we not, in our quiet suburban gardens, accept our tremendous if sometimes obscured sense of travail so unforgettably thrust upon us in the work of Mr. Conrad, our incurably effervescent humour according to Mr. Jacobs. As men capable of setting out to Margate with hardly a shoreward glance it is well (under our gnarled worm-eaten apple tree) to know the mysterious deeps of our so tragic temperament—the shallows of our ceaseless jocosity. But Mr. Wildridge in his "Clipper Folk" is a heretic. He wants to run a bit of sea of his own. He makes his sea captains neither candidates for a course of psycho-therapeutic treatment, nor yet the sort of fellows who simply must play a practical joke or perish. Mr. Wildridge is so ingenuous as to introduce the reader to the kind of captain one's experience of life has led one (however foolishly) to believe actually exists. I do not mean for an instant that Mr. Wildridge sets out to be a rival to either Mr. Conrad or Mr. Jacobs. His tales of the sea are rather crude and often shapeless. As stories they fail in technique. But they are well worth reading for they

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are written with sincerity, simplicity and knowledge, while here and there, as in "On the Sale of a Kit Bag," they touch a note of genuine pathos which lingers after the book is laid aside.

BY WAY OF BOHEMIA. By Mark Allerton. 6s. 9d. net. (Skeffington.)

"By Way of Bohemia" is a capital novel of its not very ambitious kind, and gives a most readable and life-like picture of a journalist's life in Fleet Street. Indeed, the only complaint we feel inclined to make of Mr. Mark Allerton's new tale is that, with a Kelvin for hero, a Gordon for heroine, and a Constable and a Brodie for hero's friends, all the *beaux rôles* are assigned to Scots. This is deliberately to do an injustice to England; for even in London journalism a few natives do manage to survive, and even to flourish. Hugh Kelvin, then, is a brilliant young Scotsman, whom at the commencement of the story we find married to a publican's pretty daughter, writing for one of the literary weeklies called *The Review*, and—quaint touch this!—"enjoying the rounded periods of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* leading articles." How Hugh was appointed editor of *The Week*, a rival to *The Review*; how he got sacked therefrom by the commercially-minded proprietor of the paper; how thereupon Pamela Gordon, the editress, taught him to write successful serials for *The Hearthrug*; and how eventually his wife eloped with a music-hall star leaving him free to marry Pamela—these are the main incidents in a well planned and well written story.

THE WIDENING CIRCLE. By the Marchioness Townshend. 7s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The author of this novel deserves the reader's gratitude for an entertaining and unpretentious book that is full of incident and humorous observation. The sister heroines, Meg and Elizabeth Sutherland, are a charming pair of girls who from a very early age accepted with nonchalance the ups and downs of their domestic fortunes controlled by a father who gambled on the Stock Exchange. Mr. Sutherland's portrait is drawn with sureness and a little acerbity. When his younger daughter married a duke, Mr. Sutherland indicated his intention of visiting his son-in-law and proving to him the existence of a coal mine upon his estate. "'He spoke of sending an expert down with Stanmore's permission,' said mother. 'There is an expert there already,' said Meg; 'me—not a coal expert, but an expert judge of character.'" From lodging-houses to the Hotel Metropole, from Brighton to Wiesbaden the young Sutherlands followed the star of the paternal fortunes and enjoyed to the utmost their signal opportunities of studying human nature. Many sides of society are adroitly depicted with nothing more than a touch of caricature. And as a foil to the social satire there are the love stories of the two sisters and the renunciation of their friend Diana.

THE CALL OF THE OFFSHORE WIND. By Ralph D. Paine. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The Fenwicks had been building wooden ships for generations, and, when steam and iron were wedded for the purpose of ocean transport, the then owner of the yards, Israel Fenwick, didn't like it at all. So he held on to the old way of business until bankruptcy stared him in the face. "God Almighty's wind is cheaper than steam," he said to his son, "and always was. . . . You mustn't let go." Then he died and his son Dudley went out to earn good money as a ship's officer so as to keep the old business alive. Providence, in the shape of the great war and German submarines, finally saved the situation by causing unprecedented demand for any sort of hulk that would float. A good, readable yarn of a pleasantly sentimental kind.

THE MARBECK INN. By Harold Brighouse. 7s. net. (Odhams.)

The studies of Lancashire life and character in "The Marbeck Inn" are done with all the skill and intimate understanding of human nature that have gone to the making of Mr. Brighouse's plays. The humour of it, like much of the humour in them, has often a grim, subacid quality that is in keeping with his people and his theme, and, throughout, the story is dourly, whimsically or poignantly realistic, except for the touch of idealism that is given to it by the episode of Effie Mannering. Sam Branston, son of a railway porter, is resolute to rise in the world. Acute and not too scrupulous, he makes headway as an estate agent, then, profiting by a shrewd bargain, becomes a successful publisher, and looks like cutting a figure in politics when Effie arrives to change his outlook and upset his carefully laid plans. He has married without love a girl who wants to escape from a humdrum life with her pleasant, dreamy, improvident father, and he and his wife have already drifted into estrangement when Effie comes to him as a typist, and for the first time he falls in love. Whether Effie, loving him, could have given herself to him, with the sole object of rousing his better self and giving him back to his wife is a question the reader may decide for himself. Perhaps the ablest character-drawing in the book is that of Sam's mother, who sacrifices herself and her husband to Sam's advancement, but takes no share in his prosperity, works for her own living and waits till he needs her, as she knew he would, and then returns to help him when all his schemes are falling in ruins. There is a biting satire in this handling of the romance of the self-made man, but the dominant note of the book is a broad and tolerant humanity.

COFFIN ISLAND. By Maurice Le Blanc. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

At the risk of committing a bull, it might be said that the art of Maurice Le Blanc lies in his manipulation of the unexpected. He is accustomed to draw a veil, from the other side of which the half-seen actors push out mysterious and broken traces of murders, deeds of violence, or of the counteracting benevolent influences. "Coffin Island" is a grim story, sufficiently desperate in character to reveal an attempt to force a shudder at any cost—even that of the plot. Arsène Lupin provides one of the surprises of the book; for he appears on the scene quite unexpectedly at its conclusion, and it is only then that the reader discovers that the famous detective's hidden hand has been at work for some time. The book shows all that wealth of imagination which one has learned to expect from the author, but the manner in which the collection of wild and thrilling incidents is strung together fails to convince, and produces a disappointing impression.

THE TAVERN. By Réné Juta. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

It argues rather a poverty of romantic lore at the Cape that the story of Dr. James Barry should have been used so freely and with so slender a range and variation. Last year we had a play on the subject produced in London, and now Miss Juta invests it with the form of a highly interesting novel. There can be no kind of complaint at the way in which she has treated the episode, for the adventurous surgeon-major who became a notable figure in South African society a century ago, fought a duel, and turned out to be a woman, has not many counterparts in the history and memoirs even of so stirring a time. So far as we know, however, Miss Juta is the first to freshen the story up with a kind of Rigoletto interest, in making Barry's motive for concealment of sex the fact that he (or she) had a leper son hidden away in fear of exposure. Yet while hedging the lad about with deaf and dumb servants, and taking every precaution to keep the outside world in ignorance of the secret, there is a strict injunction all the while that if the barrier is broken down the lad is to be shot at once, and this actually happens. We are therefore to imagine that though the lad's life is dear to the parent, the parent's is dearer still, and this, like the undramatic exposure at the end, strips the glamour from what would otherwise be a most engaging yarn. Where Miss Juta excels is in recalling, with vivid colour touches, the picturesque life of the Cape in the days of Somerset's occupation; and his daughter Georgiana is by far the most attractive figure in the book.

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OPEN THE DOOR! By Catherine Carswell. 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

To those many who open a "prize novel" with no expectation of anything better than a well told, commonplace, "safe" story, this book will be a delightful disappointment. It is without doubt a good novel: the story of a girl's longing for "the fullness of life," and her passionate, mistaken efforts to secure it. Joanna, emotional daughter of a narrowly religious mother, goes through many vicissitudes before she eventually discovers the man who holds in his keeping that which she has so tumultuously sought. The excellence of the book is in the vitality of its characters. Joanna herself is a great achievement. Complex, emotional, changeable as she is, she never becomes shadowy or incomprehensible. Her relations with her pathetic, much-striving, little-achieving mother, so loving yet so antipathetic, are exquisitely drawn. Though the book is, for these days of short measure, a generously lengthy one, the author's delight in her work, so easily communicated to the reader, never once flags. We do not know if this is Catherine Carswell's first novel. If so, it is a truly remarkable achievement, and we hope soon to be able to read her second.

OH, MARY! By Dorothy à Beckett Terrell. 6s. net. (Liverpool: Books Limited.)

That was what her aunts said, in varying tones of shocked anger, when they discovered that Miss Mary Merewether had been in the company of a young man during part of a walking tour. Aunt Maud, Aunt Ellen, Aunt Sophy and Aunt Catherine, but especially Aunt Catherine, rose against their young niece. However, Mr. William Drinkwater had been no Don Juan. Chance had thrown the pair together for a day or two, and out of chance love had risen, although neither confessed it. Miss Terrell winds up her pretty fantasy with the meeting and mating of the lovers. It is a theme which one English author handled some years ago with a coarse sentimentalism. "Oh, Mary!" is light and clean and amusing. One is disposed to welcome it even on the score of its price; to see a novel at 6s. nowadays is like seeing a bricklayer do a full day's work.

SONNICA. By V. B. Ibañez. 7s. net. (John Long.)

The author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has attempted in this story something of a forlorn hope—to recreate in the terms of fiction the life of ancient Rome and Carthage. The particular moment of history selected is the siege of Saguntum by Hannibal, and the story revolves round an adventurous young Greek, Acteon, who wandered to Saguntum and there found love and fortune waiting for him at the hands of Sonnica, a beautiful adventuress who had become the uncrowned queen of the city and the leader of its reckless profusion. Before his appearance at the head of a hostile army, Hannibal is represented visiting the city in disguise. When the crisis becomes acute, Acteon is sent to Rome to solicit aid, but the caution of Fabius defeated his advocacy, and Saguntum immolates itself and all its riches rather than become the booty of Hannibal. The story is full of interest and of careful work, but the toil is too apparent, and masses of information about classical antiquities take the place of convincing dialogue and plausible characterisation. Whatever the period it treats of, the costume novel seems to present the same difficulties.

DENYS THE DREAMER. By Katharine Tynan. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

From the moment when we find Denys Fitzmaurice of Murrough, sitting on the edge of the bog, dreaming of how it might be drained and converted into fertile land, our sympathies are with him, and we follow the story of his love and adventures with unabated interest. Denys's capacity for translating his dreams into reality wins him the regard of Lord Leenane, and it is around Lord Leenane's daughter Dawn that the best dream of Denys's life centres. Lord Leenane makes the boy his agent, a circumstance that takes Denys to London, and his honesty and far-sightedness justify, on more than one occasion, the trust and responsibility placed upon him. The author has a deep understanding of the Irish temperament and an intense love of Ireland with its wild beauty, which she brings before us in vivid word-pictures. The sentiment is never strained or exaggerated; romance and pathos are treated with delicacy and a very fine sense of detail, and the novel, unaffected and wholly charming, is permeated with a genial compassion for human nature and an inspiring belief in its ultimate good.

LIGHTING-UP TIME. By Ivor Brown. 7s. net. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Written largely in crisp, light, amusing dialogue, "Lighting-Up Time" is the story of such a theatrical touring company as does not come together more than once in a lifetime. Mary Maroon, a star actress who is on the wane, has gone so far into the shade that, as Peter Penruddock has it, "it's her lighting-up time, or it's the end." Peter has been running a vague sort of agency, working in partnership with Delphine, a palmist and fortune teller. He plans a provincial tour for Mary Maroon, and becomes the most amazingly successful advance agent she has ever had. The daughter of a peer is in the cast; the son of the peer ends in marrying one of the other actresses; the peer himself is adroitly led into financing a London theatre and Mary returns to town to play Lady Macbeth; you can see on the last page that she is going to become his lordship's lady, and Peter lets her know that he is marrying Delphine. All high spirits and lively humour, it goes at a brisk pace and is thoroughly readable.

HANDS OFF. By Beulah Marie Dix. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

A young man reared in the lap of luxury, idle, self-willed, shielded from all the hardships of life, suddenly brought face to face with not only degrading toil, but with pitiless ill-usage—here is material that suggests large possibilities in the way of plot and character. Perhaps Miss Dix excels more in plot than psychology, for she allows Ned Amory, the innocent victim of revenge, to change rather too quickly from the easygoing, somewhat pampered boy to a man of strength and action. The story is, nevertheless, one of considerable merit, telling how Ned falls into the hands of his father's enemy, and being out of reach of civilisation, is reduced to the position of the man's slave, and subject to brutal treatment that breaks him in body and spirit. But Justus Graves has not reckoned on one element in his vindictive design—his daughter Sarita. It is Sarita, with the support of Cupid, who not only restores Ned's freedom but makes him feel that his sufferings have been well worth while. The plot moves rapidly through a panorama of incident, and is worked out in a capable and interesting fashion.

BIG TIMBER. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The scene of Mr. Sinclair's full-blooded romance is laid on the alluring confines of British Columbia, whither Stella Benton, a well-bred city girl, journeys to keep house for her scapegrace brother, who is engaged in the business of lumbering. The romance that follows is one of the triangular order, involving Stella and the honest, rugged lumberman whom she marries, plus the inevitable "other man." The author knows how to tell a story and has given us an uncommonly good book. The scenic descriptions and the rough-and-ready life of the North-West are done exceedingly well, and there is not one halt in the thrilling sequence of events that end in the rehabilitation of wife and husband.

XUM

The Bookman's Table.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING. By Arnold Lunn. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Arnold Lunn is the most practical, because the most reasonable, of our writers on skiing. Mr. Rickmers prescribes an old-fashioned technique; Mr. Richardson frightens us with his jumps; Mr. Caulfield terrorises us with his anti-stick fanaticism. Mr. Lunn offers, indeed, his personal misfortunes as an encouragement. A broken and now permanently shortened leg has not prevented him from becoming a sound runner and mountaineer on ski. Here in a compact volume small enough to slip in the pocket, the would-be skier has all the printed information that can be of value to him. There is a detailed chapter on equipment, a chapter on the technique of straight running, a chapter on the turns and swings, and a chapter on snow-craft. Let those who can only manage a week now and then at Christmas read this book and take heart. Under Mr. Lunn's skilled direction they can get skiing all the year round; and skiing, we may observe, is almost the only sport in which the beginner gets as much fun as the expert.

FIRST POEMS. By Ruth Pitter. 2s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

This is an interesting book of First Poems, written between 1912 and 1918. Miss Pitter has a fine sense of the magic of words, though, at times, her meaning is somewhat obscure; she covers a wide range of subjects, and the "faery" touch, of which she is so fond, creeps into most of them. Perhaps "Fairy-Gold" is one of the best examples of her work:

"I have a brother cleped Fairy-Gold,
Who dwelleth not in housen nor with men,
But in the dim wood and the forest bold;
Full fair is he in form: full young, full old;
Of all the wild things in the grot and glen,
Of many a brown, shy wood-bird am I told,
Of every leaf and blade on felt and fen,
I have a brother cleped Fairy-Gold. . . .

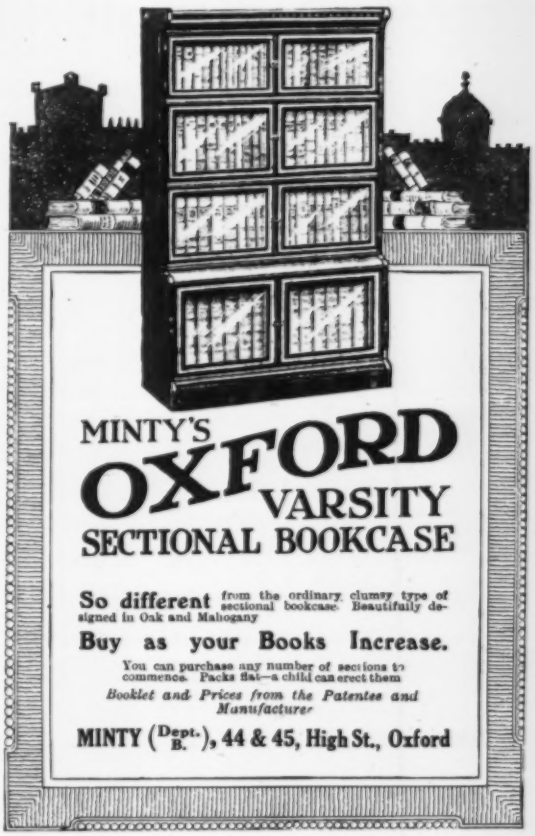
"The kind earth to her bosom doth him fold,
Her light, swift hands, the breezes, stroke his hair,
Which glow of yellow wheat doth catch and hold,
And down in rich and heavy locks is rolled:
He is for mortal eyes but all too fair,
He hath not age: I in his haunts am told
By myriad voices whispering in the air,
I have a brother cleped Fairy-Gold."

THE MAYFLOWER SONG BOOK. Compiled by Dr. Rendel Harris, with the Assistance of the Rev. Carey Bonner. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A book of considerable interest has been compiled by Dr. Rendel Harris and the Rev. Carey Bonner to celebrate the tercentenary of the sailing of the *Mayflower*. It is principally a song book of Pilgrim hymns—the hymns connected by prose passages, and the whole outlining the story of the Pilgrims and expressing "what may have been their fears and the faith that triumphed over their fears." The Pilgrim songs number amongst them tunes familiar and unfamiliar, and include Songs of Embarkation and Voyage, Songs concerning the Pilgrim Faith and Unfolding Purpose, as well as Songs of the Commonwealth amongst which are found, of course, the Battle Hymn of the Republic with its famous "John Brown's Body" tune (as well as a second setting by Frank E. Newton), and that stirring Song of the Common-Weal:

"When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!"

For the spirit it enshrines, the music it contains, and its timely historical interest, "The Mayflower Song Book" should be in great demand.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WAR DAUBS. By R. Watson Kerr. 3s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

"Have you seen men when they come from hell?
If not—ah, well,
Speak not with easy eloquence
That seems like sense
Of 'War and its Necessity'! . . .

"If you've seen men come from the Line
You'll know it's Peace that is divine!
If you've not seen the things I've sung—
Let silence bind your tongue,
But, make all wars to cease,
And work, and work for Everiasting Peace!"

Mr. R. Watson Kerr reveals his attitude towards war in no uncertain terms in this little book of poems, "War Daubs." He sings of war stripped of glory—war in all its grimness and horror. Mr. Kerr is so careful not to mince matters, but to be as straightforward and realistic as possible, that at times he over-emphasises the "brutal" note and loses the effect he is aiming at. There is no doubt about the sincerity of Mr. Kerr's poems, and one ventures to predict that if all men felt as he feels there would never be war again under any circumstances.

HUMAN NATURE IN BUSINESS: How to Capitalise Your Everyday Habits and Characteristics. By Fred C. Kelly. With 8 Illustrations. 10s. net. (Putnams.)

Those to whom it has not occurred that business books may be amusing as well as instructive will be agreeably surprised by "Human Nature in Business," in which Mr. Fred. C. Kelly "spreads himself" to some purpose. Starting it with a prejudice against being improved any more, we were astonished to find that we did not want to stop reading it. Portions of this book are really funny; all of it is intensely interesting, if you feel any interest at all in your fellow-creatures. And presumably it will do you a practical kind of good; we at least are very glad that we have read it. The subjects dealt with range from the Law of Averages to the Costliness of Vanity, and from the Habits of the Shopper and Men's Moods at the Lunch Hour to the Honesty and the Voice of the Average Man. And it is all very good fun.

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As the number of the Old Guard diminishes in the inexorable march of time, even garrulity of the survivors should be encouraged as tending to preserve authentic information of a side of life that gets too seldom into the history books. And garrulity is not the proper word by which to describe the soliloquising of Lady Georgiana Peel. This book is an unelaborated compilation by her daughter of the intimate, tender, confidential talk by an English gentlewoman of the best type to her children and grandchildren about the men and women of the great world with whom she was brought into close relation during a life of more than common length. It takes its place beside the reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill and a very few other autobiographical works as a book to which every future historian must turn if he would make serious study of English social life in the nineteenth century. Lady Georgiana Peel was born in 1836, the year before the accession of Queen Victoria, and some of the things she tells from actual personal memory date back so far as 1839. Space is not available in which to reproduce any of the many good stories. It is questionable, indeed, whether to do so is fair "reviewing." Better service is done by assuring readers that the book is very well worth burrowing in by themselves. Grisi, Mario and Jenny Lind; Macaulay, Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray; Lady Holland, Lady "A" and Lady Waldegrave; Count Bunsen, Garibaldi and Cavour—these are only a few of the men and women notable in various fields of human activity, of whom this charming raconteuse has many stories, not one of them unkind, to tell.

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